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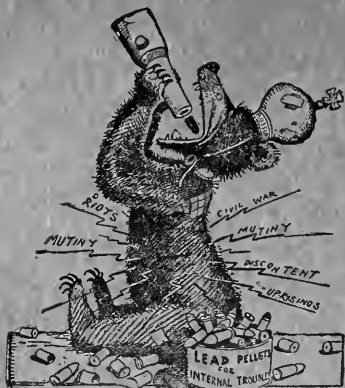
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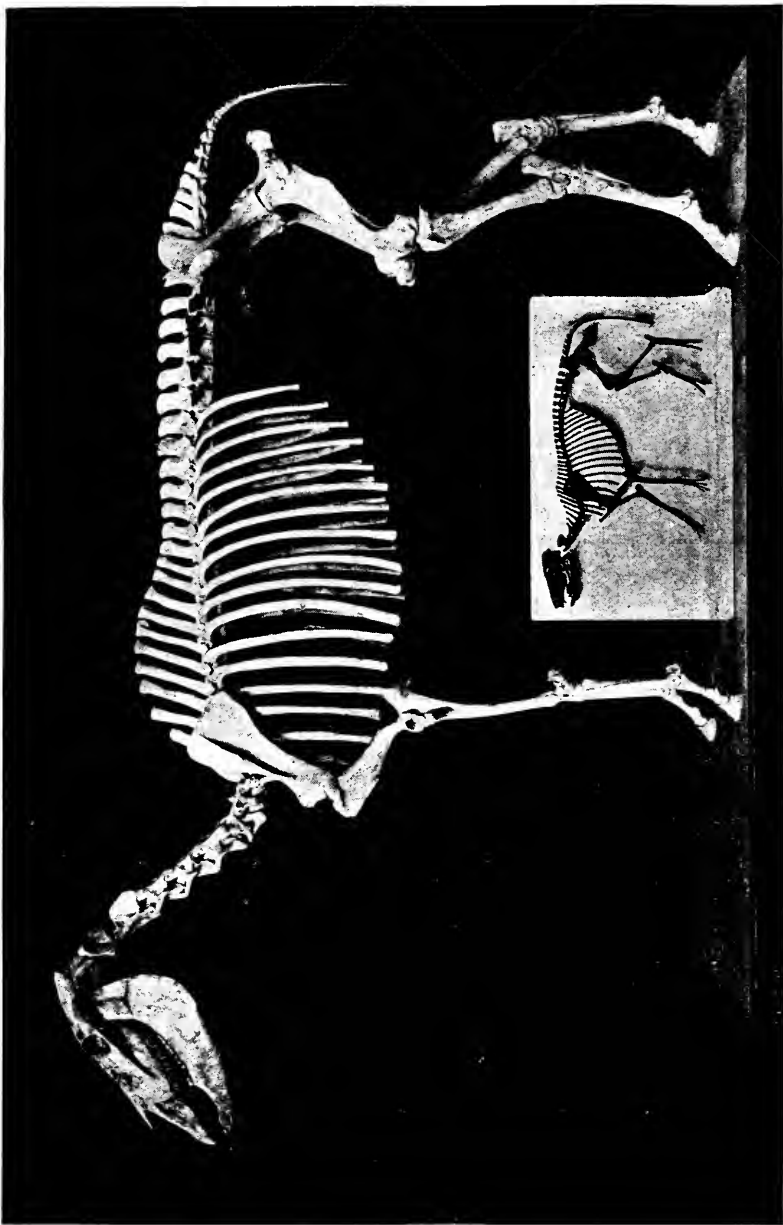
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Two ancient American horses, *Equus scotti* (large one) and *Protorohippus* (small one), the skeletal remains of which are now on exhibition in the American Museum of Natural History, at New York City.

The photograph was kindly furnished by Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, Curator of the Department of Invertebrate Paleontology.

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VOL. X.

FEBRUARY, 1907.

No. 4

REVELATION ANTE-DATING SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY—AN INSTANCE.

BY FRED J. PACK, A. M., PH. D., PROFESSOR OF MINERALOGY AND
GEOLOGY, BRIGHAM YOUNG COLLEGE.

[The following article is interesting as showing that the many statements in the Book of Mormon, that horses were abundant on the American continent during Nephite and Jaredite times, were translated by inspiration and published to the world prior to the discovery by Darwin, and other scientists, of fossil remains of the horse on the American continents. It also shows that these statements were made and published in the Book of Mormon at a time when it was generally believed by all that no horses had ever existed on these lands. The article also gives a clear account of the discovery of the fossil remains of the horse in America. The author might have added, further, that more recent investigations have led to the conclusion that America is the original home of the horse. The embarrassing difficulty, however, that the fossil remains are held to be of very much greater antiquity than either Jaredite or Nephite times, still confronts us. But it must be remembered that a too great antiquity may be claimed for most of the evidence relating to the existence of the horse in the western world; and there is also evidence found by Charnay, as quoted by Nadaillac, and referred to in the Y. M. M. I. A. Manual for 1905-6, pages 554-5, that points to a more recent existence of the horse on the American continents. More evidence in this line may yet be looked for, as more perfect and more extensive explorations are instituted.]

—EDITORS.]

A short time ago it was announced through the papers of New York City that a certain divine would deliver a lecture on the *Relation of Science to Catholicism*. The meeting was to be held in the greatest of American churches—Saint Patrick's Cathedral. The house was filled to overflowing. Most of the people were regular attendants, but a few, like the writer, were transients, having been attracted solely by the topic to be discussed.

The speaker summarized his remarks by comparing religion and science to water and heated fat; the two do not and cannot agree. When placed together turmoil and strife inevitably result. The individual who attempts to carry religion in one hand and science in the other is sure to fall; God and Mammon cannot be served simultaneously. He warned believers to shun science and scientific literature, and concluded by stating that the clergy alone should investigate such matters.

"We believe all things," coupled with "if there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these things" plainly announces the position of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. One of its fundamental tenets is that its doctrines include all truth, no matter from what source that truth may come. Facts cannot be at variance one with another; they cannot be created or destroyed; they are all factors in the great plan of human redemption and exaltation.

It is true that religion and so-called science occasionally clash, but this is always due to an incomplete knowledge of the scientific facts, which condition frequently results in erroneous deductions. When, however, the full glare of research and investigation are turned upon any scientific problem that problem is found in full accord with the revealed word of God.

Revelation not infrequently ante-dates scientific discovery. Scores of illustrations could be cited in connection with the Book of Mormon, but the writer will confine his attention in the present article to a single instance.

The Book of Mormon, published in the fall and winter of 1829-1830, contains several statements relating to the existence of horses upon the American continent for many centuries before its discovery by Columbus in 1492. The profane histories published at the same time were a unit in the thought that no horses existed

here previous to their introduction by the Spanish. Science was silent in the matter, no fossil remains of horses had been found, and it was not expected that any would be. But here, as in every other case where facts are fully known, science has come to the support of revelation, which it has vindicated beyond the doubts of even the most skeptical. It is now fully established that immense herds of horses roamed the plains and forests of America centuries before its discovery by the Europeans, and also that these horses had completely disappeared at the time of the landing of Columbus. Thus the historians were correct in the statement that the horses brought by the Spanish were the only ones on the continent, but they were wrong in thinking that they were the first.

In enumerating some of the animals used by the Jaredites in America for centuries before Christ the prophet Ether has this to say:

And they also had *horses*,* and asses, and there were elephants and cureloms, and cumoms; all of which were useful unto man, and more especially the elephants, and cureloms, and cumoms. (Ether 9: 19.)

When the American continent was discovered by Lehi's colony, about 590 B. C., many varieties of animal life flourished abundantly. Concerning this Nephi writes:

And it came to pass that we did find upon the land of promise, as we journeyed in the wilderness, that there were beasts in the forests of every kind, both the cow and the ox, and the ass and the *horse*, and the goat and the wild goat, and all manner of wild animals, which were for the use of men. (I Nephi 18: 25.)

That horses were used among the Nephites as domestic animals the prophet Enos leaves little doubt. He says:

And it came to pass that the people of Nephi did till the land, and raise all manner of grain, and of fruit, and of flocks and herds, and flocks of all manner of cattle of every kind, and goats, and wild goats, and also *many horses*. (Enos 1: 21.)

About one century before the Christian era, Ammon, son of King Mosiah II, undertook the converting of his brethren the Lamanites. He was captured by them, and later became servant

* All the Italics in this article are the author's.

to their king Lamoni. At one time he protected his master's flocks against the attacks of thieves. This act greatly pleased the king who desired that Ammon should be brought before him. Concerning Ammon he inquired:

Where is this man that has such great power? And they said unto him, Behold, he is feeding the *horses*. Now the king had commanded his servants, previous to the time of the watering of their flocks, that they should prepare his *horses* and chariots, and conduct him forth to the land of Nephi; for there had been a great feast appointed at the land of Nephi, by the father of Lamoni, who was king over the land. Now when king Lamoni heard that Ammon was preparing his *horses* and his chariots, he was more astonished, because of the faithfulness of Ammon, saying, Surely there has not been any servant among all my servants, that has been so faithful as this man; for even he doth remember all my commandments to execute them. (Alma 18: 8-10.)

One of the Book of Mormon writers incidentally mentions the existence of horses as late as the third decade of the Christian era:

And now it came to pass that the people of the Nephites did all return to their own lands, in the twenty and sixth year, every man, with his family, his flocks and his herds, his *horses* and his cattle, and all things whatsoever did belong unto them. (III Nephi 6: 1. See also III Nephi 3: 22; 4: 4.)

From the foregoing quotations it is evident that the Book of Mormon emphatically declares that horses were abundant among the early inhabitants of the American continent. It should be remembered that this book was published at a time when even the most profound thinkers were positive that no horses had existed here previous to the Spanish conquest. The statements in the Book of Mormon relating to the horse were at that time used by its opponents as proof that the book was untrue, and written by some one who was not acquainted with even the crudest facts of history.

Science, however, soon asserted herself. About the time of the publication of the Book of Mormon the English vessel, *Beagle*, under the command of Captain Fitz Roy, started for a trip around the world. The object was scientific investigation and discovery. Charles Darwin, who later became one of the world's foremost thinkers, accompanied the expedition. Several parts of South America were within the itinerary. Darwin studied the Pampaeian deserts with considerable care, and there, on *October 5, 1833*,

scarcely four years after the appearance of the *Book of Mormon*, he discovered the first evidence of the existence of ancient horses. Writing of that date he says:

In the Pampaeen deserts at the Bajada, I found the osseous armor of a gigantic armadillo-like animal, the inside of which, when the earth was removed, was like a great caldron; I found also teeth of the *Toxodon* and *Mastodon*, and one tooth of a *horse*, in the same stained and decayed state. This latter tooth greatly interested me, (I need hardly state here that there is good evidence against any horse living in America at the time of Columbus) and I took scrupulous care in ascertaining that it had been imbedded contemporaneously with the other remains; for I was not then aware that amongst the fossils from Bahia Blanca there was a horse's tooth hidden in the matrix, nor was it then known with certainty that the remains of horses are common in North America. Mr. Lyell had lately brought from the United States a tooth of a *horse*; and it is an interesting fact, that Professor Owen could find in no species, either fossil or recent, a slight but peculiar curvature characterizing it, until he thought of comparing it with my specimen found here. He has named this American horse *Equus curvidens*. Certainly it is a marvelous fact in the history of the Mammalia, that in South America a native *horse* should have lived and disappeared, to be succeeded in after ages by the countless herds descended from the few introduced with the Spanish colonists. (*Natural History and Geology of the Countries Visited During the Voyage of H. M. S. Beagle Round the World*, Vol. I pp. 165-166. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York, 1846.)

In 1866, Andrew Murray, the scientist, published his work on *The Geographical Distribution of Animals*, from which I extract the following:

We know that the *horse* existed in the Old and New world both previous and subsequent to the glacial epoch.....Extinct species are known belonging to three genera of *horses* (*Hipparion*, *Hippotherium* and *Equus*). Two of these are confined to the tertiary strata; and the third, containing species which approach most to the living horse, is found in the drift or post-glacial deposits of a recent period.....The occurrence of a distinct species in America is very interesting, considering their subsequent extinction, and the rehabilitation of the common species by man in both South and North America. The first trace of it was discovered by Darwin. In his "Journal of a Naturalist," he mentions having discovered in the Pampaeen deserts at Bajada, one tooth of a *horse* in the same stained and decayed state as the remains of a *Mastodon* and *Toxodon*, as well as a gigantic armadillo-like animal. This tooth greatly interested him, for it was well established that no horse was living in America at the time of Columbus, and *no remains of any had previously been found*; and he was not then aware that amongst some other fossils which he himself had procured at Bahia Blanca, there was a *horse's tooth* in the matrix; *nor was it then known that the remains of horses are common in North America*Certainly, as Mr. Darwin says, *it is a marvel-*

ous fact in the history of the Mammalia, that in South America a native horse should have lived and disappeared, to be succeeded in after ages by countless herds, descended from the few introduced by the Spanish colonists. (*Geographical Distribution of Mammals*, Andrew Murray, pp. 134, 135. Published by Day & Son, London, 1866.)

Flower and Lydekker's work on *Mammals*, published in 1891, contains the following:

Fossil remains of *horses* are found abundantly in the deposits of the most recent geological age in almost every part in America, from Eschscholtz Bay in the north to Patagonia in the south. In that continent, however, they became quite extinct, and *no horses, either wild or domesticated, existed there at the time of the Spanish conquest*, which is the more remarkable as, when introduced from Europe, the horses that ran wild proved by their rapid multiplication in the plains of the South and Texas that the climate, food, and other circumstances were highly favorable for their existence. The former great abundance of *Equidae* (horses) in America, their complete extinction, and their perfect acclimatization when re-introduced by man, form curious, but as yet unsolved problems in geographical distribution. (*Mammals*, Flower and Lydekker, pp. 381, 382. Published by Adams and Charles Black, London, 1891.)

During the last decade the American Museum of Natural History, situated in New York City, has spared neither time nor money in collecting the remains of ancient American horses. Geological parties have been sent into the field season after season in search of these fossils, with the result that this institution now maintains the most complete collection of any museum in the world. Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, curator of the department of vertebrate palæontology, very kindly presented the writer with a photograph of the skeletal remains of two of these ancient horses; it is reproduced in the accompanying figure. It will be observed that these animals ranged greatly in size, in fact even more than the diminutive Shetland, and the gigantic Clyde. In 1903, the museum issued a pamphlet on the *Evolution of the Horse*; from a topic headed, *Fossil Remains of the Age of Man*, I quote the following:

The Age of Man or Quarternary Period is the last and by far the shortest of the great divisions of geological time. It includes the Great Ice Age or Glacial Epoch (Pleistocene), when heavy continental glaciers covered the northern parts of Europe and North America, and the Recent Epoch, of more modern climate during which civilization has arisen.

In the early part of the Quarternary Period, wild species of *horse* were to be found on every continent except Australia. Remains of these true native horses have been found buried in strata of this age in all parts of the United States, in

Alaska, in Mexico, in Ecuador, Brazil and Argentina, as well as in Europe, Asia and Africa. All these horses were much like the living species and most of them are included in the genus *Equus*. A complete skeleton of one of them (*Equus scotti*) found by the American Museum expedition of 1899 in Northern Texas, is mounted in the large wall case." [The accompanying reproduction is from this skeleton.]

Remains of these fossil horses from various parts of the United States are shown in the counter-case. One very rich locality is on the Niobrara River in Nebraska, another in central Oregon. Many separate teeth and bones have been found in the phosphate mines near Charleston, S. C.; other specimens have come from central Florida, from southern Texas, Arizona, Kansas, Louisiana and even from Alaska. They are, in fact, so often found in deposits of rivers and lakes of the latest geological epoch (the Pleistocene) that the formation in the western United States has received the name of *Equus Beds*.

In South America, in the strata of the Pleistocene Epoch, there occurs, besides several extinct species of the genus *Equus*, the *Hippidium*, a peculiar kind of horse characterized by very short legs and feet, and some peculiarities about the muzzle and grinding teeth. The legs were hardly as long as those of a cow, while the head was as large as that of a racehorse, or other small breed of the domestic horse.

All these horses became extinct, both in North and South America. Why, we do not know. It may have been that they were unable to stand the cold of the winters, probably longer continued and much more severe during the Ice Age than now. It is very probable that man—the early tribes of prehistoric hunters—played a large part in extinguishing the race. The competition with the bison and the antelope, which recently migrated to America—may have made it more difficult than formerly for the American horse to get a living. Or, finally, some unknown disease or prolonged season of drought may have exterminated the race. (Supplement to *American Museum Journal*, W. D. Matthew, Ph. D., January, 1903.)

Logan, Utah.

ACCURACY.

A pebble in a tiny stream will turn the course of a river, so the seemingly unimportant habit of inaccuracy has kept many a man from success by changing the current of his life.

Accuracy, doing things to a finish, is one of the most important lessons that can be taught a child, because there is a moral quality at stake. The whole character is often undermined by the unfortunate habit of inaccuracy. Men whose ability would have made them peers in their communities have become nonentities, and their careers mediocre or total failures, simply because they were allowed in childhood to form the habit of half doing things, and of making half or exaggerated statements.—*Success*.

CONFIDENCE, CONGRESS AND THE CHURCH.

BY WILLIAM HALLS.

There is no word in the English language that represents a more important principle than the term confidence.

It is the foundation on which the stability of the home, the state, the nation, and all the institutions necessary for the world's progress depend.

If there is love in the home, it depends on the confidence the members of the family have in each other. However much the husband loves his wife, if he sees anything in her conduct to cause doubt in her virtue, his love begins to fail; if a wife sees anything in her husband to arouse suspicion of his fidelity, and observations confirm that suspicion, jealousy will supplant love, poison her soul, and destroy her happiness; and the deeper her love has been, the more intense her hatred will be. "The bitterest hate that heaven knows is love to hatred turned."

The stability of the state or nation depends, to a great extent, on the confidence the people have in the different departments of the government. The efficiency of an institution of learning depends on the confidence of the pupils in the faculty. So in all the activities of life, confidence insures success; the want of it, failure. History is full of the evil effects of the lack of confidence.

One of the most serious examples of want of confidence, ever heard of, and the most alarming in its aspect, is the condition of Congress, making necessary what is called a "People's Lobby." It is well known that the great corporations that control most of the business of the country have their agents in Washington when Congress is in session, who watch the progress of legislation,

and when a bill is introduced that would interfere with the interests, or lessen the profits, of these corporations, these agents manage to defeat it or get it changed so as to make it of none effect. This agency which is called a "Lobby" is a wonderful power, it is like the "flaming sword" that guarded "the tree of life;" it cuts every way. It reaches every man, woman and child in the country. It enables these corporations to continue to make every consumer to pay more for everything he buys than it is worth, and every producer take less for everything he sells than it is worth. By this means, a stream of wealth, fed by a little rivulet from every hamlet, village, town and city in the land, forms a mighty river flowing night and day out of the pockets of the people into the coffers of these corporations.

The motive in forming a "People's Lobby" is to change this condition. This lobby is unique; it is strictly an American product. History gives no account of such a thing in any other government, either ecclesiastical or civil. Its purpose may be understood by a few quotations from *Success*: "The People's Lobby will consist of a permanent bureau at Washington, with complete facilities for watching all committee and legislative work, for keeping faithful records of the public career of every senator and representative." "The weapon of the People's Lobby will be publicity." "The People's Lobby will merely see in a methodical manner that Congress hides no secrets, no secret alliances." "All legislation will be subjected to expert scrutiny." "Carried on permanently it will cost a good deal of money." "We want an endowment fund of half a million dollars."

This is a bad condition, this breach of trust, and abuse of confidence in our public servants. They are elected by their neighbors and fellow-citizens, at great expense, supposed to be the best men they can choose. They are paid to serve the people nearly twenty times as much for their time as a common laborer gets, and then the people must keep a permanent bureau at Washington, at an enormous additional expense, to watch them, like a pack of thieves, to keep them from selling their friends for money to the highest bidder. And then what assurance have the people that their lobbyist will not betray them, as does the senator? He is chosen from the same people, cut from the same roll of cloth,

why should he be better? A fountain cannot rise above its source; a government is no better than the people who form it.

In every political campaign, just before election, each of the great parties spends a great deal of time and money to tell the people of the good qualities of their candidates; their intelligence, honesty, virtue, and loyalty, and how much good they will do if elected; and also how much evil the other peoples' candidates will do if elected. The respective candidates will also make great promises of what they will do. And whichever is elected, it matters not which, they will go to Washington, after being sworn and making a solemn covenant to do their duty, and do just as their opponents said they would do. Instead of fulfilling their own and their friends' promises, they fulfill the predictions of their enemies. This is a serious charge, but the condition making a "People's Lobby" necessary proves it is true, though, in fairness we will say, there are many exceptions to this rule. And we hope, and not without reason, for better things; there is yet the strength of the iron, though it is mixed with a good deal of clay.

A great deal is said about church and state, the state seems very jealous lest it should be dominated by the least influence of the church; if there is any connection between church and state, the state seems very anxious for a divorce. If the church is any worse than the state, if religion is any more corrupt than politics, then there is very little hope for the church. As the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints seems to be the greatest object of fear, whose influence is most dreaded, and from which the state is the most determined to be divorced, we will compare the condition of said Church with that of the state, especially as regards the principle of confidence.

How is it that the thousands of Saints in their general conference, twice a year, vote unanimously to sustain the Presidency, and all the general authorities, with the trustee-in-trust? How is it that the Saints in the stakes of Zion, at their quarterly conferences, vote unanimously to sustain the president of the stake with all the stake officers? It is because the members have confidence in their officers, and they have confidence because they have never been betrayed. When the elders are brought before the courts, and called to account for their family relations, they al-

ways acknowledge their wives and children, choosing to suffer fines and even imprisonment, rather than deny the truth. They believe the saying of the Prophet Joseph Smith that, "It is contrary to the order of heaven for a just man to deceive." In this they may be called fanatics by some; but they cannot consistently be called hypocrites.

How is it that there is so much difference in the condition of the Church and the state, in this respect? How is it the members of the Church have so much confidence in their officials and the citizens of the state so little in theirs? It is in consequence of the influence of the Gospel of Jesus Christ on their lives. They believe in Jesus Christ and, through repentance and baptism, have received a remission of their sins, and, by the laying on of hands, the Holy Ghost, which is the Spirit of truth. They are taught to be honest, virtuous, and temperate in all things. The most urgent counsel of the leaders of the Church, especially in recent years, has been to live within their means, get out of debt and keep their credit good. By the application of these precepts, in all the affairs of life, the Saints are growing in grace, union and Christian fellowship.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ obliterates castes, and levels distinctions. "He that is greatest among you, shall be your servant." There is no more humble man in the Church than the President; none labors harder, nor is more frugal. The Saints prosper not by humbling the rich, but by exalting the poor.

The Church will grow in power and influence for good, and as time rolls on, confidence will increase among its members; and the confidence of non-members, who have business relations with them, will increase. The time will come when many rich men will come to Zion, with their gold and silver to deposit for safety; because of the confidence they have in the integrity of her people, and the stability of her institutions. For the Lord will establish Zion, and the people will trust in her.

AIM.

BY NEPHI JENSEN, SECRETARY Y. M. M. I. A., GRANITE STAKE.

"That life is long which answers life's great end."—*Young*.

"Without a purpose what were life?
Eating, sleeping, toil and strife."

"What makes life dreary is the want of motive."—*George Eliot*.

"Hitch your wagon to a star."—*Emerson*.

Our purposeful exertions determine our success. Aimless, desultory work is wasted. Only intelligent and wisely directed effort brings results. The sculptor converts the rough marble into the beautiful statue, because he keeps the design constantly in his mind, and sees the relation of each blow he strikes to the finished masterpiece. Each touch of the artist's brush expresses part of his great thought, because there is a motive back of it. And so each act of the aspiring soul helps to make his life approach this highest ideal. It is not enough to be strenuous. We must plan as well as work. Not the amount of energy we have, but rather the wisdom with which we use it, is the measure of our power of achievement. Out of weakness has come the greatest strength. Some of the thoughts which have lived through the ages were given to the world by men whose bodies were racked with pain and consumed by disease. What was the secret of Homer's achievement? Not extraordinary capacity for work, but rather the power of concentration.

Purpose is the polar star of life. The aimless man is like the navigator, who is at sea and does not know his bearings. The unfortunate seafarer may move, and the aimless man exert himself, but there is no telling what will become of either. But the man who has fixed his mind with invincible determination on a certain

goal, turns neither to the right nor to the left, but goes straight to the object of his aspirations. He not only moves, but reaches a destination, for he works to a plan and wastes no energy. He has a program and is not compelled to spend most of his time in a futile endeavor to decide what to do next.

Prodigious exertion, if spasmodic, counts for little. A great torrent of water falling on a rock, for an instant, makes no impression on the adamant surface, but the almost imperceptible dripping, going on through centuries, converts the hardest stone into pebbles. Things of worth are of slow growth. The poplar is a large tree in a very short time after it is planted, but the sturdy oak requires a century in which to mature. Fame is often instantaneously won; but the building of character is the work of a lifetime. But every little deed does its part in wearing off some rough corner, or developing a latent trait. It is the persistent and continuous right living that transforms the nature and makes it approach the Godlike. Only as our good acts of today supplement those of yesterday, do we progress. Constancy is better than intensity.

A noble aim is not only an impetus to effort; but also deters from doing what is inimical to true progress. The man of lofty aspirations lives in the future rather than the present. He resists the temptation to be satisfied with present pleasures, for he works for something more enduring. While Daniel Webster was at Dartmouth College, he was invited to deliver a Fourth of July oration in a country town. His effort was not altogether without merit. But all who listened were not uncritical. The local editor was a man of fine literary attainments. He wrote a review of Mr. Webster's speech. He praised parts of the oration as "vigorous and eloquent," but other parts he criticised severely, and said "they were mere emptiness." The future orator read the criticism, and thinking it just, resolved that whatever else should be said of his style, it should never again be said there was "emptiness" in it. He carried out the resolve. He resisted the temptation to say pretty or grandiloquent things for present effect, and aimed only to express thoughts worthy of immortality. Some of his contemporaries surpassed him in the power to elicit applause. Their speeches were cheered, but time has consigned them to oblivion.

But the orations of the great Massachusetts senator have been accredited a permanent place in the literature of a great nation.

Unwavering faith in one's possibilities, coupled with a determination to make the most of them, is necessary to highest success. "As your faith, so shall it be unto you." We do not strive for what we believe impossible of accomplishment. "A faint heart never won a fair bride." The value of the prize we seek, is the measure of the exertions we make to win it. "A good cause makes a stout heart and a strong arm." The young man who merely exists, and has no aspiration beyond that of "having a good time," will not value highly the precious minutes, nor make the best use of opportunities for self-culture. But the aspiring young man, who aims to live in the highest and truest sense,—who aims to get the most out of life in the way of intellectual, esthetic and spiritual development—will strive to use wisely every minute; and make every opportunity his servant. For him there are so many fields to conquer that he feels himself compelled to work unremittingly, and tax his energies almost to the limit. Before him are the lofty heights to be scaled, and he cannot afford to waste his time in frivolity and mere pleasure-seeking. His course is ever onward and upward. He waits not for opportunities; he either finds them or makes them. The word "impossible" is not in his vocabulary. Nor does he talk of luck, but with the poet says,

Let the fool prate of luck! The fortunate
Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves,
Whose slightest action or inaction serves
The one great aim.

The aspiring soul knows no defeat. He is not daunted by difficulties, nor hindered in his progress by obstructions in the way. By the very sovereignty of his determination, he masters every situation. If his opportunities are few, he uses one in such a way that it counts for ten. Prosperity does not beguile him into inactivity, nor adversity dishearten him. Praise does not blind him to his defects, nor criticism lessen his faith in ultimate victory. Whether the heart beats strong or weak, resolution never fails him. He remembers that,

'Tis sorrow builds the shining ladder up,
Whose golden rounds are our calamities.

For what, then, should we work, wait, and pray? For riches? Yes. But the kind that endures—the riches of heart and head. He is not rich who owns a railroad, but does not appreciate the charms of music, feel the inspiration of poetry or enjoy the acquaintance of the makers of history. But he is incomparably rich who has, by study and research, perfected his claim to the legacy of great thoughts which the ages have bequeathed to those who will receive it. Possession is not ownership. Gold will buy the great pictures of Raphael and Donatella, but it cannot give the artist's delight in the sublime and beautiful. Not those who can buy the great pictures, are the owners; but those who can see in them what the masters saw. Money will buy the great books, but it cannot make one the true owner of them—the owner of these priceless treasures of knowledge and wisdom. Books are not always owned by those on whose shelves they lie. The real owners are those who have made the books a part of themselves.

It is nobler to be than to have. The power to think right, act wisely and live beautifully, is more to be desired than much gold. What shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world of material riches and remain poor in heart and head? To save one's soul and make it rich and glorious in the noblest graces, is the highest achievement of man!

Some profound thinker said, "Character is the greatest thing in the world." Whether or not this is so, it is not necessary to debate. But it is certain that Emerson spoke the truth when he said, "Character is more than intellect. Ability elicits our admiration; but to worth we pay the homage of our sincerest veneration. The inclination and strength to do the right regardless of consequences, is to be preferred rather than the ability to command the applause of the multitude from the platform or through the printed page. He is great who has kept unsullied his good name, although he has not taken a city or written a book. Shakespeare says:

Good name in man or women, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,

Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

If he is poor who has been "robbed" of his "good name," infinitely poorer is he who has carelessly lost it, or given it in exchange for dross.

Fame is not greatness. The lives of those who are talked about most are not always the most nearly ideal. Sometimes the brilliant pen is in an unclean hand and guile found on the most eloquent lips. All the good Christians do not sit in the "Amen corner." Many of earth's greatest noblemen live their unostentatious lives of helpfulness and consecration unnoticed by the multitudes. They evidence the truth of Gray's lines:

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

At a certain Baptist convention, a man diminutive in size was moderator. When he arose to speak, only his head appeared above the pulpit, and when he spoke he could not be heard in the rear end of the building. He had only spoken a few words when some one who failed to hear yelled out, "Get up higher." "I can't," responded the good man, "to be a Baptist is as high up as a man can get." But he was mistaken. To be a man, true-hearted, high-minded and courageous, is the highest aspiration one can have. William E. Channing says:

The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptation from within and without, who bears the heaviest burden cheerfully, who is calmest in storm and most fearless under menace and frowns, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unfaltering.

Forest Dale, Utah.

RANDY.

BY ELVIN J. NORTON, SUPERINTENDENT Y. M. M. I. A.,

POCATELLO STAKE.

V.

Christmas morning came, cold and clear. Warm greetings were exchanged by Mrs. Palmer, Rachel, and Henry. Although circumstances prevented their suprising one another with expensive gifts, it was found that Santa Claus had not forgotten any of them. Some useful article—a necktie, a ribbon, a pair of scissors—was found by each where least expected, but in a conspicuous place. All agreed that Randy would probably not hurry home, and they sat down to breakfast without him. As they were absorbed in their meal and conversation, they did not notice a sleigh stop in front of the house, and were made aware that someone had approached only by a vigorous stamping on the back door step.

“Here’s Randy, after all!” cried Rachel, hastening to open the door. It was not Randy, however, but the constable who faced her.

“Good morning,” said the visitor politely. “Is the boys home?”

“Henry is here,” answered Rachel. “Won’t you come in, Mr. Anderson?”

“No, thanks ” said he. “I’d like to see Henry a minute out here.”

Henry walked out and closed the door behind him, leaving his mother and sister in no easy state of mind. After an attempt at a polite greeting, the constable said, “Well, I guess you know my business.”

"Yes," answered Henry, starting towards the gate, where Jack Billings was waiting in the sleigh; "but I must say I am surprised that Jack didn't sleep off his foolish notion."

"Well, ye know, Henry, I'm only doin' my dooty—what I'm under oath to do, ye know," the constable said meekly in his own defense.

"O, yes, of course," and Henry bit his lip to keep from saying more. When he reached the gate he gave Jack a slight greeting, and plunged boldly into the subject at hand with, "Look here! If you men want to handle anyone for last night's affair, take me. I'm more to blame than Randy is."

Jack put on a conciliatory air and answered, "I'll tell ye, Henry, I know Randy ain't pertic'ly to blame; 'n' I hate to touch 'im; but I'll tell ye, Henry, 'tain't Randy I'm after so much as 'tis that crowd o' little toughs that's kep up this kind o' work for so long; 'n' if I don't take one o' the crowd, not meanin' that Randy's partic'ly bad, ye know, of course, 'twouldn't do any good where we want it to—" and so on, with roundabout explanations and exceptions too complicated to follow. At last the constable, either fearing that Henry's arguments would prevail or desiring to end a useless dispute, interrupted Jack by saying, "Well, boys, I don't see's we're makin' any headway. I guess, Henry, the law'll compel me to ask you where I kin find Randy."

"I'm not trying to hide him from you," said Henry, with some sharpness, "but I think you know as much about where he is as I do."

"He hain't been home since the dance?" asked the officer.

"No," answered Henry.

"Well," continued Mr. Anderson, "I guess likely he stopped all night with Dick, then."

"I suppose he did," was Henry's frank reply.

"Then all we can do, I guess, is to go out to Rogers'," the constable added, turning to Jack.

"If you're not in too big a hurry, I'll get my hat and ride out with you," Henry said.

"I wish you would, Henry. This thing's kind o' unpleasant an'—."

Henry did not stay to hear the speech finished. He returned

to the house and in a few words confirmed the women's fears, and told why he was putting on his hat and coat.

"I'm glad you're going, Henry," said his mother, the tears gathering in her eyes. "Do all you can for Randy and hurry back; for we're anxious about him. O, I'm sorry that he—I wish they wouldn't have him arrested."

Henry knew his mother had checked herself from completing a sentence that would have increased his self-reproach. His conscience had not been at rest since he yielded to George's invitation to go out of the dance the evening before; and now, as trouble seemed to be gathering round his brother, he took upon himself the blame for all of it. On the way to the Rogers home he renewed his protests against molesting Randy, urging Jack to take himself instead. Jack tried to agree with Henry in all that was said, but insisted that the greater good would be done to the community by following out the original plan. Henry at last ceased his arguments, and remained silent until the sleigh stopped in front of Mr. Rogers' house.

"Good morning, gentlemen! A merry Christmas to you. Get out; come in; perty cold this morning." This greeting was from Mr. Rogers, who was walking from the barn towards the house.

"Good morning," "Good morning, Mr. Rogers," "Same to you," came from the men in the sleigh; but they did not comply with the kind invitation.

"Get out and come in, I say," urged Mr. Rogers, coming up to the gate. Jack and the constable looked awkwardly at each other and then at Henry; who, though a third party in the case, decided that he should have to state the purpose of their visit.

"No, thank you, Mr. Rogers, we won't come in," said Henry. "We wanted to see Randy a minute, and called around for that. We thought he'd be here, for he was with Dick last night."

"Yes, Randy and Dick's always together when anything's goin' on," said the good-natured Mr. Rogers. "But I didn't know he stayed here last night. I guess he ain't up yet; Dick jest got out. You might as well come in.—There's Dick now. Say, Dick, these men want Randy."

Dick turned at hearing his name, and asked, "Want who?"

"Randy," answered his father.

"I ain't seen Randy since he got on Nibs last night," said the boy.

"Dick," and Mr. Anderson put on all the dignity of a powerful officer, "I guess you know as much about this thing as anyone. Now we mean business. There's old Nibs now jist out of the barn door."

"Yes, but when—"

"I'll tell you, Dick," said Henry quietly, "we've talked the thing all over, and I'm not trying to keep Randy away from them. Tell them where to find him."

"What does all this mean?" asked Mr. Rogers, who had heard nothing of the trouble. "Is the constable after Randy?"

"That's it, Mr. Rogers," said the officer.

"Well, now, it don't look to me like anything very bad when Henry's along helpin' find 'im. Come in an' we'll see about it." And Mr. Rogers opened the gate.

"But I tell you I ain't seen nothing of him," insisted Dick. "When he got on Nibs, I told him to come back if he wanted to; but if he didn't, I told him to put the reins over the saddle horn and turn the pony loose. When I got home I opened the outside gate an' the barn door to let the pony in; an' when I went out this morning, there stood Nibs with the reins tied to the saddle jest as Randy had fixed 'em. Let 'em come in if they want to; but there's no Randy Palmer here."

VI.

No attempt is made to describe the sorrow in the Palmer home when it was found that Randy had evidently run away. As is usual in such cases, all kinds of conjectures were made as to the cause. Some said that Mrs. Palmer was too lenient with her boys; others, that she was too exacting; some contended that Randy was justified in going; others, that he was not. There were a few, however, who neither censured nor approved, but simply gave consolation by words of comfort and hope spoken to the grief-stricken mother and her two remaining children.

Henry was deeply grieved. Thinking over the whole matter, he found reason after reason for putting all the blame on himself.

This peculiar condition prevented him from giving much actual comfort to his mother and sister; for he connected his own course very closely with every act of Randy's, and he had not yet acquired sufficient moral strength to open his whole soul to his mother. This was not because he wanted to appear as justifying his own course; but rather because he thought an acknowledgment of error should be accompanied by a promise to do better; and he doubted his ability to keep such a promise.

Could all three have talked together with perfect freedom, they would have contributed greatly to one another's comfort. As it was, when they were together, each had to guard against mentioning what lay nearest all of their hearts; and if a chance word brought them face to face with the subject, tears would fill the eyes of mother and sister, and Henry would withdraw, leaving the others to weep together while he passed a painful hour alone.

Week after week went by without word from Randy. The layer of snow gradually thickened through January and February, and at last began to yield under the warm rains and sunshine of spring. Still sadness reigned in the Palmer home. The tender green of springtime shot forth on every hand, birds returned with their merry songs, buds appeared and opened into beautiful flowers; but all these seemed only to increase the gloom in that home, by coming in so striking contrast with sorrow. Finally, weighed down almost to despair, but still with a weakness which he himself could not account for, Henry gave way again to his strongest temptation, and took from his mother and sister—and even himself—the one support which had kept a great load of sorrow from crushing their very last hopes.

Then followed days and nights of anguish. Mrs. Palmer, who, after the death of her husband, had found comfort in the fact that her children were still spared her, now reaped only bitter tears from the conduct of her sons. Henry seemed helpless as a child. His conscience told him he did wrong; but he would seek to forget his sorrow by following the very course that had brought it about. At times, indeed, he would make an effort to reform, and for a week or more would succeed; but his lack of faith in his own power kept him from the benefit of that increased strength which an open avowal of his purpose to a sympathetic

mother and sister would have given him; and so he would smother again and again in blackest darkness the faint ray of hope which a struggle to improve had sent into their hearts.

Yet there was one comfort of which the poor mother was not deprived: her daughter shared with her the great burden and gave her strength to bear up under it. Rachel could not help believing that sometime the clouds would rise. This simple, unaffected faith alleviated her mother's suffering as well as her own. Though each repeated indulgence of her brother's would almost chill her heart to inaction, the measure of despair was always more than equaled by a sister's love, which, she believed, must in the end prove stronger than the power of sin and turn Henry from his unnatural course.

As summer and autumn went by, and signs of winter reminded the Westside people of the advance of the season, they began to talk again of Christmas. The return of this sacred day promised no joy to the Palmers. Henry was more reticent than ever, and was less and less at home. Rachel battled against her own feelings in order to comfort her mother. Everything about the home seemed to remind them of the Christmas before; and every day, in their thoughts, they were compelled to live over the whole sad year. Nature herself was evidently following the course pursued twelve months ago; there was another snowstorm a week before Christmas, followed by the same clear, cold nights. Then another Christmas Eve dance was announced, and the boys once more agreed to clean and arrange the schoolhouse. On every hand was the recurrence of the very action and conditions which told louder than words of one great difference—Randy Palmer was not present to take his accustomed place in the familiar scenes.

Only a few days before Christmas, Mrs. Palmer sat at her work trying to banish the thoughts of a year ago; but in spite of her efforts the tears streamed from her eyes, and at last she buried her face in her hands and wept. Rachel walked up to her, but could think of no comforting words to offer. Then she knelt down and, with her face buried in her mother's lap, gave vent to her own grief in unrestrained tears. For a moment no words were spoken, mother and daughter weeping together. When the natural relief had come after this outburst of feeling, Mrs. Pal-

mer said: "A year ago I had trouble,—but how much worse I feel now."

Rachel hesitated before attempting to answer, and her mother continued, "I was just thinking how much everything outside looks as it did a year ago. There is only one change I can see from this window—that's the new saloon Miles has built down by the station. I couldn't help thinking how that one difference made me sad; and then, of course, I thought of one or two other differences, and broke right down."

"How much better I always feel after a good cry," said the daughter cheerfully, as she rose and resumed her work. "The gloomy clouds seem to spend their strength by giving up a shower of tears. Anyhow, things seem more hopeful than they did." And from this position on middle ground, she led the conversation a step farther to a different subject. Her cheerfulness revived the blighted hope in Mrs. Palmer's heart, and for a time both found joy in spite of their sorrow.

As the conversation was gradually dying away, each was suddenly roused from her thoughts by a light rap at the door. Rachel answered the knock, and saw Dick Rogers standing on the step with a riding whip in his hand.

"Why, Dick Rogers!" she exclaimed, "how are you? I haven't seen you for a long while. I thought you were at Maple Creek." She had grasped his hand and drawn him into the room. Before he had a chance to speak, Mrs. Palmer took his hand and said: "Well, Dick! Come home for Christmas, have you? How glad we are you called on us! Take this chair by the stove; you look cold."

Dick did not notice the offered chair, but said, as free from excitement as possible, "I wanted to see Henry. Is he home?"

"No, he isn't," answered Rachel. "I—"

"I wonder where I could find him," continued Dick.

"He started toward the store when he left here," said Rachel, "but it is time for him to come and do his chores. Won't you wait till he comes?"

"No, thank you," returned Dick, partly hiding his uneasiness. "I'll come in after I see Henry." And he hastened away before anything else could be said. Mrs. Palmer and Rachel

gazed in wonder after him, both feeling that he had important news for themselves as well as for Henry, and both certain that the one he sought would not be found at the store.

"I'm afraid that you sent him in the wrong direction, Rachel," said the mother, with a deep sigh. "What can he want of Henry? I am sure something is wrong."

Rachel could not conceal her own anxiety and remained silent. After a moment's pause her mother continued, "I think you'd better go down the other way, Rachel, and see if you can find Henry. I am alarmed."

"I am anxious about it, too, mother," said Rachel, trying, however, to hide the real depth of her fear; "but don't feel too much worried, mother. Dick said he'd come back, and we shall soon know what it all means. I'll try to find Henry."

It was only a short distance from the Palmer home to the railway station, near which had recently been built the "Miles Saloon," the building Mrs. Palmer referred to while sitting at the window a few minutes before. Rachel was soon on her way towards the station. Dick in the meanwhile had reached the store and had evidently learned where Henry was more likely to be; for now he, too, was coming towards the station, urging Nibs at full speed, and watching the smoke of an approaching locomotive. Rachel saw him coming, and when he drew near her she raised her hand to stop him. He reined Nibs down to a speed corresponding to hers, and she lost no time in saying, "Is something wrong, Dick? You must tell me what's the matter!"

Dick's face had the expression of painful despair, but he answered quickly, still watching the train, "Randy's awful sick, and they've sent for Henry or someone. There's the train, an' I'm afraid it won't stop, for it's puffin' yet!"

Rachel, though fully expecting bad news, felt a deadening chill pass through her entire being when she learned the truth. Just then a shrill whistle sounded through the cold air, and she saw dimly in the twilight the coming train, throwing a broad gleam before it. In another instant all round her seemed confusion. She saw black darkness cut by numberless shafts of glaring light shooting forth from the direction of the coming train, whose rumble her distracted senses magnified into terrible, continuous thun-

der. But her consciousness did not entirely leave her. In spite of the confusion, she realized that now of all times she must be herself. With a great effort she rallied, to find herself staggering on with uncertain steps, and Dick watching her with increased anguish. She met his eye with an intense though firm glance, and said hurriedly, "Go, flag the train, Dick! I'll find Henry!"

Dick shot ahead, and Rachel followed at a speed which only her excited condition could sustain. She watched Dick eagerly. She saw him leap from his horse to the middle of the track and swing his hat as a signal. Then she was immeasurably relieved by hearing two sharp blasts from the whistle as a promise that the train would stop. But she knew there was still no time to lose, as the train would stay only for a moment. She ran on, comparing the distance before her with that between the station and the train. She was now a hundred yards from the station and stopped in front of the saloon. She paused an instant to see Dick step from between the rails as the train with decreasing speed came near him. Then with a determined face and a step firmer than her great exertion would seem to allow, she opened the door and rushed into the saloon.

Inside were about a dozen men, old and young. Those near the door turned towards Rachel in great astonishment: but their surprise at seeing a woman in such a place perhaps prevented any demonstration that would attract the attention of the others, who were absorbed in games at the back of the room. But Rachel did not notice the wondering faces, except to look for the familiar features of her brother. For a moment she could hardly recognize the men. The polished wood and marble bar, colored glass bowls and jars, bottles arranged fantastically to catch the eye, large mirrors reflecting the bright lights, warm air heavy with fumes of tobacco smoke and liquor, the clicking of billiard balls, the jingling of money, the shouts and careless laughter of men,—all had such an effect upon her that she wondered if her consciousness was again giving way. But she drove the thought from her and hastened past the bar to the gaming tables. Then she began to recognize faces. Her eyes glanced quickly from one to another until at last she saw Henry sitting at a card table in the corner farthest from her. He was deeply intent on the game and did not see her. On

his face was the foolish expression of a man trying in vain to keep up a shrewdness equal to the requirements of the game, while intoxication was getting the mastery over him. But Rachel did not notice this. She was at his side in an instant and had grasped his arm.

"Oh, Henry!" she cried, "Randy is dying! You must go to him at once! The train is here!"

Henry staggered to his feet and tried to lead, though he actually followed, his sister towards the door. The noise in the room had suddenly ceased, and all were listening breathlessly.

"Why, Ray! You here?" Henry said in bewilderment. "What is it?—Randy?—Dying?"

"Henry," she said, with remarkable clearness, "Randy is very sick. Dick Rogers has stopped the train and will tell you where to go."

Still he did not fully comprehend. Rachel was almost desperate. Suddenly she heard the subdued sound of the locomotive bell. "Oh, Henry!" she exclaimed. "The train has started! If you won't go, I must!" And breaking away from him, she rushed wildly from the room. Henry ran through the door an instant later, but did not catch her until she was half way to the railroad. She glanced at him and at the rapidly moving train; then she uttered a despairing cry, and fell fainting into the arms of her drunken brother.

VII.

Westside lies on the eastern foothills of a tributary range of the Rocky Mountains. During only a few years preceding the incidents mentioned in this narrative, the little village had been brought into close commercial relations with the world by the railroad and the telephone. Henry Palmer was large enough to do a man's work when a branch line or "spur" was built along the little valley and joined to the trans-continental railroad fifty miles southward. In the winter time only one regular daily train was run over this branch line—a "mixed" train, for both freight and passenger traffic.

Over the mountains to the west, reached by a roundabout way of more than a hundred miles, was a tract of land unbroken by

streams or large mountains, and covering thousands of square miles. As there was no water running through this region, it could not be utilized for agriculture, and for the same reason cattle herds were obliged to avoid it during the dry part of the year. This region is called a "winter range," because usually the fall of snow is light and does not cover the grass and shrubbery, but while it lasts takes the place of drinking water for grazing animals. Sheep herds are especially frequent here in the winter, because sheep can live fairly well on the dry vegetation of arid land.

At one of the "sheep camps" on this "winter range," a few days before the events just narrated, were a man and a boy in charge of a herd of sheep. The man was the "herder," whose duty it was to guide the sheep in the way of the best grazing, to keep them from mixing with neighboring herds, and to guard them against attacks from coyotes and other wild animals. In much of this, it should be said, he was merely the director, for great assistance was given him by his faithful dogs. The boy was the "camp mover." He was expected to take care of the horses; to keep the wagon within convenient distance of the sheep; to supply the camp with water by melting snow, or in summer, when they were nearer water, by fetching it with a "pack horse;" to gather the necessary fuel, and to do the cooking and other work at the camp.

As night drew near the herder gradually drove the sheep towards the wagon. The animals moved freely: for, guided by the natural instinct of self-protection, they gathered together before dark a short distance from the camp, where they lay down in huddled contentment to rest and keep warm till morning.

After seeing the flock safely "bedded," the man was glad to seek his own rest, under the triple canvas cover of the sheep wagon.

"I tell you, Frank, that supper smells good," he said, as he closed the door behind him; "but I must have these wet brogues off mine off before I kin eat."

"Take all the time ye want, Mack, and then help yerself when ye're ready," said the boy, dropping on the bed in the back of the wagon. "I don't move from this bunk again tonight."

"Don't ye feel no better tonight, Frank?" asked the other

sympathetically. "I think I'll haf to see what I kin find to dose ye up with. I'll try to give ye a good sweat, an' then ye'll be all right. But ye mus'n't go out tomorrow. The feed's perty fair here, an' we wun't need to move. I kin cook my own grub for one day."

"There ain't much left to cook," returned the boy. "We'll be out o' grub an' snowed in too, if the boss don't send some stuff perty soon."

"Oh, well, we've got plenty o' mutton, Frank," said Mack. "But then I think a load o' stuff 'll be here soon. Anyhow, I'll eat hearty tonight, I tell ye."

The conversation ceased by common consent. Mack was hungry and desired to satisfy his appetite with the warm supper, and the boy, by reason of his illness, was not disposed to talk. After finishing his meal, Mack turned towards the bed. He noticed the boy was in a troubled sleep, and decided not to wake him to give him the promised "dose," but rather to go to bed himself at once, for the sheep allowed him little enough time to rest. Mack lay on his bed for an hour, but he could not sleep. Though little accustomed to wait on the sick, he understood the boy's increasing restlessness as a sign that a fever was developing. He rose, lighted the lamp, revived the fire in the little stove, and sat down to wonder what to do. The flushed face gave him some uneasiness. Occasionally the boy uttered inarticulate words, among which Mack caught "Dick," and "Ray" and "mother."

Mack opened a little box containing his meagre supply of medicines, but could find nothing that might prove effective in this case except a few quinine tablets and a bottle of brandy. After measuring out appropriate doses of these, he roused the boy in order to administer them. Upon waking, the boy showed no indications of not possessing his full faculties. Mack did not know, however, how soon these faculties would yield under the influence of the fever, and at once renewed an attack at a point he had often assailed before.

"I don't think ye're in any danger, Frank; but yer mother could do more for ye than I kin. Ye'd better strike out fer home when the team comes up. I'll bet yer mother'd like to see ye."

"No, Mack," the boy answered; "I'll not go home yet. I'm not goin' to stay away all the time. One of these days I'll draw all my wages an' go; but I don't want to go home sick. I'll soon be over this little spell."

"Well, I'll do all I kin fer ye, Frank, an' I don't think but what ye'll come around all right," continued the good natured herder. "It didn't take ye long to git over it the other time.— But I think jest the same ye ought to go home. Ye must 'a' been away f'm home a year now. It's time to give yer folks a call, sick or well."

"I've been thinking myself of going home fer Christmas," said the boy; "but it's a long ways, an' I think I'd better stay the winter out. The boss 'as raised my wages, an' I ought to make quite a bit this winter; an' there's nothing to do at home. But give me the dose, if that's what you've got there. Let me take it an' be done with it."

Mack administered his simple remedies and then sat down on the bed to watch over his patient. He was rather uneasy to see the boy resume a restless sleep, but beyond this natural result of a slight fever, he saw no alarming symptoms during the night. Early the next morning he prepared himself a little breakfast, because he knew the sheep would begin to move at daybreak. Then, as the tinkling of the bells told him that his flock was already going, he roused the boy and charged him, much against the lad's will, to remain in bed during the day.

Agreeably to his promise of the night before, Mack kept the sheep near the wagon, and at every opportunity returned and rendered the boy what help he could. About noon his anxiety was greatly relieved by the arrival of a load of provisions. Mack and the young man who brought the load held a consultation as to what should be done with the boy. They agreed that the lad might be seriously sick, and ought to have better care than was possible in a sheep wagon; and that the "boss," whose home was in another state, was too far away to communicate with before action was taken. They decided, therefore, to move the boy at once, and report their action to the "foreman," who had local charge of several herds of sheep that belonged to the man for whom they worked. Since Mack's home was only about twenty miles away, and the

other young man had no home, it was also decided that Mack's mother should be asked to take care of the boy for the present.

Accordingly, Mack Burke and his "camp mover" drove away early in the afternoon. Little was said by either as they traveled. Mack drove the team, carefully avoiding all unnecessary jolting; and the boy lay as comfortably as possible in a bed of sheep-skins and blankets. It was dark when they reached Mack's home—a house of two small rooms, whose furnishings could claim no higher purpose than answering strict necessities; yet a place which had never, during the memory of Mack, suffered from cold or hunger. No urging was necessary to induce the good Mrs. Burke to nurse the boy. She made him a comfortable bed, and administered simple remedies to him in a way that only a mother can. Under the influence of her consoling words and kind actions, the lad soon fell asleep.

In spite of comfort and kindness, the boy was no better the next morning. Mrs. Burke had such cause for alarm that she told her son to bring back a doctor with him when he went to town to see the foreman. At daybreak Mack set out for Pine Fort, a little railway station on the "main line," about eight miles from the Burke home. Having arrived at the town, he made his report to the foreman, who approved his course and sent help to the man at the camp. Free now to devote himself to his sick friend, Mack lost no time in finding the doctor and returning home.

The physician pronounced the sickness pneumonia. He expressed satisfaction with the conditions surrounding the boy, and gave a few hints and directions, which he knew Mrs. Burke's quick perception and ready hand would follow. He was much interested in what Mack knew of the boy's history, and of course recommended that word be sent to the parents, if anything could be learned of them. In fact, he tried himself to learn the mystery but the boy persisted in holding the secret, saying that he would go home in the spring and stay there. Seeing that the boy was perfectly contented, and knowing how well he would be cared for by the good woman, the doctor decided not to disturb his peace of mind by urging the matter. He charged Mrs. Burke, however, to watch him closely, and, if she could do so without worrying him, to learn the whereabouts of his parents.

Later in the afternoon Mack drove the doctor back to Pine Fort. His willing horses drew the light sleigh rapidly over the snow, and in two hours he was again at the boy's bedside repeating the doctor's directions for administering the medicines he had brought back with him. All that night and the next day he watched anxiously with his father and mother for the desired change. But another evening brought an increased fever.

"Don't ye think I'd better go fer the doctor ag'in, mother?" Mack asked, noting the short breath and flushed face of the boy.

"No, I don't hardly think so, Mack," she answered, after a pause. "I don't think he's any worse 'n 'e was when you was away las' night. Fever's nearly always higher in the evening, you know."

"Well, maybe we kin tell better in the mornin' how he is," said Mack, "but a person always seems awful sick to me when he gits to groanin' an' talkin' that way."

"It's natural with most people in a fever," returned the mother, assuringly. "But now you must git a little rest. I'll call ye when I git ready to lay down. I think I'd better watch him while the fever's up. He'll be better towards mornin', an' then you can stay with him."

As Mack had had very little sleep during the last three nights, he lay down and slept for a few hours. Shortly after midnight he rose to take his place at the bedside that his mother might have some rest. There were no signs yet of the expected change. Hour after hour passed, and still the boy was hot with fever. Mrs. Burke and Mack anxiously watched until six in the morning, when it was decided that the doctor should be brought again.

When Mack reached Pine Fort he learned that the doctor had gone to a small town a few miles west, but was expected to return on the morning train about ten o'clock. Arranging, therefore, for a sleigh to bring the doctor as soon as possible, Mack hurried back home. His anxiety was much relieved to find the boy no worse.

Shortly after noon the doctor arrived. He at once pronounced the situation dangerous. The boy was exceedingly restless, and continued his mutterings. The doctor administered a preparation to check the fever, and then sat a few moments in deep thought.

"Has he said anything yet to throw light on who he is?" he asked.

"No," answered Mrs. Burke, "an' somebody's heard every word he's said."

"I hoped he would let a word fall during his spells of delirium," said the doctor.

"All the names he's said is them same ones," continued Mrs. Burke; "jest 'mother' an' 'Ray' an' 'Dick.'"

The last word seemed to have been caught by the troubled senses of the sleeping boy; for he turned his head nervously and repeated the word, "Dick!"

Acting instantly on a quick impulse, the doctor bent over the boy and asked, softly but distinctly, "Dick Jones?"

"Dick Rogers!" came back quickly from the parched lips.

Mrs. Burke and the doctor looked at each other for a moment.

"I wonder if Rogers is his name," said the woman.

"It may be," returned the doctor, thoughtfully. "Anyhow, you may be sure Dick Rogers is nearer right than Frank Smith."

"I wonder if you couldn't git him to say the names of the others," suggested Mrs. Burke.

"I was just thinking of that," answered the doctor, "but it is hardly probable. It is only by rare accident that things around him would affect his senses. Besides, you can see how that little effort has disturbed him, and it would be a dangerous experiment to tire him."

Just then Mack and his father came in from the barn, and listened eagerly to an account of what had happened.

"They used to be a fam'ly of Rogerses way up on Maple Creek," said Mr. Burke after a pause; "but that's eighty or ninety mile f'm here, an' I don't know of any one o' that name nearer by."

"It may be a clue just the same," said the doctor. "Do you know whether there is a telephone or telegraph line near that place?"

"Yes, they's a telephone runs through Maple Creek," said Mack, who was better acquainted than his father with recent changes in the country.

"I think, then," continued the doctor, "that you had better go to Pine Fort and see if you can find the boy's family."

The wisdom of telephoning to Maple Creek flashed upon the minds of Mack and his parents even before the doctor made the suggestion; and Mack prepared at once to leave.

"I'll have a bite ready for ye by the time ye're hitched up," said Mrs. Burke.

"Yes," added the doctor, looking at his watch; "you had better eat. Of course we don't want to lose any time; but if you find the people, they cannot come in until evening."

Mack went out to get his team ready. The doctor bent over the bed a moment, and turned again to Mrs. Burke. "Are there no papers or articles about his clothing that would help to identify him?" he asked.

"I've looked an' can't find nothin'," answered Mrs. Burke; "but may be you could. They ain't nothin' here in the shape of outside clo'es but coat an' overalls. Here they be." And she took from a nail on the wall the articles she had just named.

The doctor searched the pockets. He found a pocket knife, a money purse containing a few coins and fish hooks, a short lead pencil, two or three buckles, some matches, and a few other such articles; but apparently nothing of significance in the problem he was trying to solve. Noticing that the inside coat-pocket was partly torn out, he passed his hand between the lining and outer cloth. After feeling round a moment, he drew out a small handkerchief, folded with evident care and fastened with a pin. Mr. and Mr. Burke were watching him with eager expectation. So completely absorbed were all three that Mack, who entered at the moment, fairly startled them. Laying the handkerchief on the table and carefully drawing out the pin, the doctor proceeded to undo the little packet. When he opened the last fold, they saw, ground almost to powder, the faded green remnants of leaves, with two or three broken stems; and only by the evidence of a withered red berry was the doctor able to say they had been a sprig of holly. With these shattered bits, and evidently as carefully preserved as they, was a scrap of paper, wrinkled and later pressed smooth. The doctor turned the paper over; wher, with mingled surprise and disappointment, his eyes caught the words:

"Randy: Dont—

Go home to—

Ray."

Pocatello, Idaho.

(CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

THE HISTORY OF RASSELAS.

PRINCE OF ABYSSINIA.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

CHAPTER XIII.

RASSELAS DISCOVERS MEANS OF ESCAPE.

The prince now dismissed his favorite to rest, but the narrative of wonders and novelties filled his mind with perturbation. He revolved all that he had heard, and prepared innumerable questions for the morning.

Much of his uneasiness was now removed. He had a friend to whom he could impart his thoughts, and whose experience could assist him in his designs. His heart was no longer condemned to swell in silent vexation. He thought that even the happy valley might be endured with such a companion; and that if they could range the world together, he should have nothing further to desire.

In a few days the water was discharged and the ground dried. The prince and Imlac then walked out together to converse without the notice of the rest. The prince, whose thoughts were always on the wing, as he passed by the gate, said, with a countenance of sorrow, "Why art thou so strong, and why is man so weak?"

"Man is not weak," answered his companion; "knowledge is more than equivalent to force. The master of mechanics laughs at strength. I can burst the gate, but cannot do it secretly. Some other expedient must be tried."

As they were walking on the side of the mountain, they

observed that the conies which the rain had driven from their burrows, had taken shelter among the bushes, and formed holes behind them, tending upwards in an oblique line. "It has been the opinion of antiquity," said Imlac, "that human reason borrowed many arts from the instinct of animals; let us, therefore, not think ourselves degraded by learning from the coney. We may escape by piercing the mountain in the same direction. We will begin where the summit hangs over the middle part, and labor upward till we shall issue up beyond the prominence."

The eyes of the prince, when he heard this proposal, sparkled with joy. The execution was easy, and the success certain.

No time was now lost. They hastened, early in the morning, to choose a place proper for their mind. They clambered with great fatigue among crags and brambles, and returned without having discovered any part that favored their designs. The second and third day were spent in the same manner, and with the same frustration. But, on the fourth, they found a small cavern, concealed by a thicket, where they resolved to make their experiment.

Imlac procured instruments proper to hew stone and remove earth, and they fell to their work the next day with more eagerness than vigor. They were presently exhausted by their efforts, and sat down to pant upon the grass. The prince, for a moment, appeared to be discouraged. "Sir," said his companion, "practice will enable us to continue our labor for a longer time; mark, however, how far we have advanced, and you will find that our toil will some time have an end. Great works are performed, not by strength, but by perseverance; yonder palace was raised by single stones, yet you see its height and spaciousness. He that shall walk with vigor three hours a day, will pass in seven years a space equal to the circumference of the globe."

They returned to their work day after day; and, in a short time, found a fissure in the rock, which enabled them to pass far with very little obstruction. This Rasselas considered as a good omen. "Do not disturb your mind," said Imlac, "with other hopes and fears than reason may suggest: if you are pleased with prognostics of good, you will be terrified likewise with tokens of evil, and your whole life will be a prey to superstition. Whatever

facilitates our work is more than an omen, it is a cause of success. This is one of those pleasing surprises which often happen to active resolution. Many things difficult to design prove easy to performance."

CHAPTER XIV.

RASSELAS AND IMLAC RECEIVE AN UNEXPECTED VISIT.

They had now wrought their way to the middle, and solaced their thoughts with the approach of liberty, when the prince coming down to afresh himself with air, found his sister Nekayah standing before the mouth of the cavity. He started and stood confused, afraid to tell his design, yet hopeless to conceal it. A few moments determined him to repose on her fidelity, and secure her secrecy by a declaration without reserve.

"Do not imagine," said the princess, "that I came hither as a spy: I had long observed from my window, that you and Imlac directed your walk every day towards the same point, but I did not suppose you had any better reason for the preference than a cooler shade, or more fragrant bank; nor followed you with any other design than to partake of your conversation. Since, then, not suspicion, but fondness has detected you, let me not lose the advantage of my discovery. I am equally weary of confinement with yourself, and not less desirous of knowing what is done or suffered in the world. Permit me to fly with you from this tasteless tranquility, which will yet grow more loathsome when you have left me. You may deny me to accompany you, but cannot hinder me from following."

The prince, who loved Nekayah above his other sisters, had no inclination to refuse her request, and grieved that he had lost an opportunity of showing his confidence by a voluntary communication. It was therefore agreed that she should leave the valley with them: and that, in the meantime, she should watch lest any other straggler should by chance or curiosity, follow them to the mountain.

At length their labor was at an end: they saw light beyond the prominence, and issuing to the top of the mountain, behind the Nile yet a narrow current, wandering beneath them.

The prince looked around with rapture, anticipated all the pleasures of travel, and in thought was already transported beyond his father's dominions. Imlac, though very joyful at his escape; had less expectation of pleasure in the world, which he had before tried, and of which he had been weary.

Rasselas was so much delighted with a wider horizon that he could not soon be persuaded to return into the valley. He informed his sister that the way was open, and that nothing now remained but to prepare for their departure.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS LEAVE THE VALLEY, AND SEE MANY WONDERS.

The prince and princess had jewels sufficient to make them rich whenever they came into a place of commerce, which, by Imlac's direction, they might hide in their clothes; and on the night of the next full moon, all left the valley. The princess was followed only by a single favorite, who did not know whither she was going.

They clambered through the cavity, and began to go down on the other side. The princess and her maid turned their eyes towards every part, and seeing nothing to bound their prospect, considered themselves as in danger of being lost in a dreary vacuity. They stopped and trembled. "I am almost afraid," said the princess, "to begin a journey of which I cannot perceive an end, and to venture into this immense plain, where I may be approached on every side by men whom I never saw." The prince felt nearly the same emotions, though he thought it more manly to conceal them.

Imlac smiled at their terrors, and encouraged them to proceed; but the princess continued irresolute till she had been imperceptibly drawn forward too far to return.

In the morning they found some shepherds in the field, who set milk and fruits before them. The princess wondered that she did not see a palace ready for her reception, and a table spread with delicacies; but, being faint and hungry, she drank the milk and ate the fruits, and thought them of a higher flavor than the products of the valley.

They traveled forward by easy journeys, being all unaccus-

tomed to toil or difficulty, and knowing that, though they might be missed, they could not be pursued. In a few days they came into a more populous region, where Imlac was diverted with the admiration which his companions expressed at the diversity of manners, stations and employments.

Their dress was such as might not bring upon them the suspicion of having anything to conceal; yet the prince wherever he came expected to be obeyed, and the princess was frightened because those who came into her presence did not prostrate themselves before her. Imlac was forced to observe them with great vigilance, lest they should betray their rank by their unusual behavior, and detained them several weeks in the first village; to accustom them to the sight of common mortals.

By degrees the royal wanderers were taught to understand that they had for a time laid aside their dignity, and were to expect only such regard as liberality and courtesy could procure. And Imlac, having, by many admonitions, prepared them to endure the tumults of a port, and the ruggedness of the commercial race, brought them down to the sea-coast.

The prince and his sister, to whom everything was new, were gratified equally at all places, and therefore remained for some months at the port without any inclination to pass further. Imlac was content with their stay, because he did not think it safe to expose them, unpracticed in the world, to the hazards of a foreign country.

At last he began to fear lest they should be discovered, and proposed to fix a day for their departure. They had no pretensions to judge for themselves, and referred the whole scheme to his direction. He therefore took passage in a ship to Suez, and, when the time came, with great difficulty prevailed on the princess to enter the vessel. They had a quick and prosperous voyage; and from Suez traveled by land to Cairo.

CHAPTER XVI.

THEY ENTER CARIO, AND FIND EVERY MAN HAPPY.

As they approached the city, which filled the strangers with astonishment, "This," said Imlac to the prince, "is the place where

travelers and merchants assemble from all the corners of the earth. You will find men of every character and every occupation. Commerce is here honorable. I will act as a merchant who has no other end of travel than curiosity; it will soon be observed that we are rich; our reputation will procure us access to all whom we shall desire to know, you will see all the conditions of humanity, and enable yourself at leisure to make your choice of life.

They now entered the town, stunned by the noise, and offended by the crowds. Instruction had not yet so prevailed over habit, but that they wondered to see themselves pass undistinguished along the street, and met by the lowest of the people without reverence or notice. The princess could not at first bear the thought of being leveled with the vulgar, and for some days continued in her chamber, where she was served by her favorite Pekuah as in the palace of the valley.

Imlac, who understood traffic, sold part of the jewels the next day, and hired a house, which he adorned with such magnificence, that he was immediately considered as a merchant of great wealth. His politeness attracted many acquaintances, and his generosity made him courted by many dependents. His table was crowded by men of every nation, who all admired his knowledge, and solicited his favor. His companions not being able to mix in the conversation, could make no discovery of their ignorance or surprise, and were gradually initiated in the world as they gained knowledge of the language.

The prince had, by frequent lectures, been taught the use and nature of money; but the ladies could not, for a long time, comprehend what the merchants did with small pieces of gold and silver, or why things of so little use should be received as equivalent to the necessaries of life.

They studied the language two years, while Imlac was preparing to set before them the various ranks and conditions of mankind. He grew acquainted with all who had anything uncommon in their fortune or conduct. He frequented the voluptuous and the frugal, the idle and the busy, the merchants and the men of learning.

The prince being now able to converse with fluency, and having learned the caution necessary to be observed in his inter-

course with strangers, began to accompany Imlac to places of resort, and enter into all assemblies, that he might make his *choice of life*.

For some time he thought choice needless, because all appeared to him equally happy. Wherever he went he met gayety and kindness, and heard the song of joy or laughter of carelessness. He began to believe that the world overflowed with universal plenty, and that nothing was withheld either from want or merit; that every hand showered liberality, and every heart melted with benevolence; "and who then," says he, "will be suffered to be wretched?"

Imlac permitted the pleasing delusion, and was unwilling to crush the hope of inexperience, till one day, having sat awhile silent, "I know not," said the prince, "what can be the reason that I am more unhappy than any of our friends. I see them perpetually and unalterably cheerful, but feel my own mind restless and uneasy. I am unsatisfied with those pleasures which I seem most to court. I live in the crowds of jollity, not so much to enjoy company as to shun myself, and am only loud and merry to conceal my sadness."

"Every man," said Imlac, "may by examining his own mind guess what passes in the minds of others: when you feel that your own gayety is counterfeit, it may justly lead you to suspect that of your companions not to be sincere. Envy is commonly reciprocal. We are long before we are convinced that happiness is never to be found, and each believes it possessed by others to keep alive the hope of obtaining it for himself. In the assembly where you passed the last night, there appeared such sprightliness of air and volatility of fancy as might have suited beings of a higher order, formed to inhabit serener regions, inaccessible to care or sorrow; yet believe me, prince, there was not one who did not dread the moment when solitude should deliver him to the tyranny of reflection."

"This," said the prince, "may be true of others, since it is true of me, yet whatever be the general infelicity of man, one condition is more happy than another, and wisdom surely directs us to take the least evil in the *choice of life*."

"The causes of good and evil," answered Imlac, "are so var-

ious and uncertain, so often entangled with each other, so diversified by various relations, and so much subject to accidents which cannot be foreseen, that he who would fix his condition upon incontestible reasons of preference must live and die inquiring and deliberating."

"But, surely," said Rasselas, "the wise men to whom we listen with reverence and wonder, chose that mode of life for themselves which they thought most likely to make them happy."

"Very few," said the poet, "live by choice. Every man is placed in his present condition by causes which acted without his foresight, and with which he did not always willingly co-operate; and therefore you will rarely meet one who does not think the lot of his neighbor better than his own."

"I am pleased to think," said the prince, "that my birth has given me at least one advantage over others, by enabling me to determine for myself. I have here the world before me; I will review it at leisure; surely happiness is somewhere to be found."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PRINCE ASSOCIATES WITH YOUNG MEN OF SPIRIT AND GAYETY.

Rasselas rose next day, and resolved to begin his experiments upon life. "Youth," cried he, "is the time of gladness: I will join myself to the young men, whose only business is to gratify their desires, and whose time is all spent in a succession of enjoyments."

To such societies he was readily admitted; but a few days brought him back weary and disgusted. Their mirth was without image; their laughter without motive; their pleasures were gross and sensual, in which the mind had no part; their conduct was at once wild and mean; they laughed at order and law: but the frown of power dejected, and the eye of wisdom abashed them.

The prince soon concluded that he should never be happy in a course of life of which he was ashamed. He thought it unsuitable to a reasonable being to act without a plan, and to be sad or cheerful only by chance. "Happiness," said he, "must be something solid and permanent, without fear and without uncertainty."

But his young companions had gained so much of his regard

by their frankness and courtesy that he could not leave them without warning and remonstrance. "My friends," he said, "I have seriously considered our manners and our prospects, and find that we have mistaken our own interest. The first years of man must make provision for the last. He that never thinks never can be wise. Perpetual levity must end in ignorance; and intemperance, though it may fire the spirits for an hour, will make life short or miserable. Let us consider that youth is of no long duration, and that in maturer age, when the enchantments of fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no comforts but the esteem of wise men, and the means of doing good. Let us, therefore, stop while to stop is in our power: let us live as men who are some time to grow old, and to whom it will be the most dreadful of all evils not to count their past years by follies, and to be reminded of their former luxuriance of health only by the maladies which riot has produced."

They stared awhile in silence one upon another, and at last drove him away by a general chorus of continued laughter.

The consciousness that his sentiments were just, and his intentions kind, was scarcely sufficient to support him against the horror of derision. But he recovered his tranquility and pursued his search.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PRINCE FINDS A WISE AND HAPPY MAN.

As he was one day walking in the street, he saw a spacious building, which all were, by the open doors, invited to enter; he followed the stream of people and found it a hall or school of declamation, in which professors read lectures to their auditory. He fixed his eye upon a sage raised above the rest, who discoursed with great energy on the government of the passions. His look was venerable, his action graceful, his pronunciation clear, and his diction elegant. He showed, with great strength of sentiment and variety of illustration, that human nature is degraded and debased when the lower faculties predominate over the higher; that when fancy, the parent of passion, usurps the dominion of the mind, nothing ensues but the natural effect of unlawful gov-

ernment, perturbation, and confusion; that she betrays the fortresses of the intellect to rebels, and excites her children to sedition against reason, their lawful sovereign. He compared reason to the sun, of which the light is constant, uniform, and lasting; and fancy to a meteor, of bright but transitory luster, irregular in its motion, and delusive in its direction.

He then communicated the various precepts given from time to time for the conquest of passion, and displayed the happiness of those who had obtained the important victory, after which man is no longer the slave of fear, nor the fool of hope; is no more emaciated by envy, inflamed by anger, emasculated by tenderness, or depressed by grief; but walks on calmly through the tumults or privacies of life, as the sun pursues alike his course through the calm or the stormy sky.

He enumerated many examples of heroes immovable by pain or pleasure, who looked with indifference on those modes or accidents to which the vulgar give the names of good and evil. He exhorted his hearers to lay aside their prejudices, and arm themselves against the shafts of malice or misfortune, by invulnerable patience; concluding, that this state only was happiness, and that this happiness was in everyone's power.

Rasselas listened to him with veneration due to the instructions of a superior being; and, waiting for him at the door, humbly implored the liberty of visiting so great a master of true wisdom. The lecturer hesitated a moment, when Rasselas put a purse of gold into his hand, which he received with a mixture of joy and wonder.

"I have found," said the prince, at his return to Imlac, "a man who can teach all that is necessary to be known, who, from the unshaken throne of rational fortitude, looks down on the scenes of life changing beneath him. He speaks, and attention watches his lips. He reasons, and conviction closes his periods. This man shall be my future guide: I will learn his doctrines and imitate his life."

"Be not too hasty," said Imlac, "to trust, or to admire, the teachers of morality; they discourse like angels, but they live like men."

Rasselas, who could not conceive how any man could reason

so forcibly without feeling the cogency of his own arguments, paid his visit in a few days, and was denied admission. He had now learned the power of money, and made his way by a piece of gold to the inner apartment, where he found the philosopher in a room half darkened, with his eyes misty, and his face pale.

"Sir," said he, "you are come at a time when all human friendship is useless; what I suffer cannot be remedied, what I have lost cannot be supplied. My daughter, my only daughter, from whose tenderness I expected all the comforts of my age, died last night of a fever. My views, my purposes, my hopes are at an end: I am now a lonely being disunited from society."

"Sir," said the prince, "mortality is an event by which a wise man can never be surprised: we know that death is always near, and it should therefore always be expected."

"Young man," answered the philosopher, "you speak like one that has never felt the pangs of separation."

"Have you then forgot the precepts," said Rasselas, "which you so powerfully enforced? Has wisdom no strength to arm the heart against calamity? Consider that external things are naturally variable, but truth and reason are always the same."

"What comfort," said the mourner, "can truth and reason afford me? of what effect are they now, but to tell me, that my daughter will not be restored?"

The prince, whose humanity would not suffer him to insult misery with reproof, went away convinced of the emptiness of rhetorical sound, and the inefficacy of polished periods and studied sentences.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LA REVERIE.

(*For the Improvement Era.*)

Seated in my room tonight,
 By the fireside warm and bright,
 Outside, all nature hushed in sweet repose,
 Dame Fancy, ever kind,
 Takes possession of my mind,
 And bids me follow her where'er she goes.

O'er seas and mountains high,
With the speed of thought we fly
To the home where as a boy I used to play,
And my heart wells o'er with joy,
As the moments I employ
In dreams of home and loved ones far away.

In a quiet, shady spot,
Stands a gently sloping cot,
A woman's form is standing at the door;
'Tis my mother dear, God bless her!
How I hasten to caress her,
As her eyes with tears of gratitude well o'er.
So we pass to the inside,
Where, with arms extended wide,
A father waits his "welcome home" to say.
Brothers true, and sisters, run
To greet—ah, the spell is gone!
I'm but *dreaming* of the loved ones far away.

Once again the Dame leads on—
Lo, a maiden sits alone!
A tender, loving lass, with eyes of brown.
She has waited, tried and true,
With a faith displayed by few,
In spite of gossip's tongue, or fashion's frown.
As I press her to my heart,
How the gentle tear drops start!
My promised bride, no more from thee I'll stray.
But why do I tremble so?
Why, the fire has burned quite low,
While I'm *dreaming* of the loved ones far away!

Ah, dear loved ones far away,
God is with us night and day.
Though mountains rise, and seas between us roll.
What to Him is time, or space,
Who in His infinite grace
Hath called us now, perchance, to save a soul.
Let your hearts be filled with joy,
Fear not for your absent boy.
He is in Christ's path, and from it would not stray;
And in the due time of God,
When his work is done abroad,
He'll return to home and loved ones far away.

HOW TO READ.

BY MILTON BENNION, M. A., PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY, UNIVERSITY
OF UTAH.

[A young man, writing to the ERA, asks:

"Will you please write me a few instructions on 'How to read,' or tell me where I can find some information on the subject? Such a question may cause you to laugh. However, a friend of mine here stated that he had read his lesson six times and did not know it then. That is not reading. I find in my case that I read and read, and when the question comes up I am compelled to go back to my books. I read an article, then after six months I read it again, and find that in my first reading I did not see half its worth. How can I turn what I read into life? For some time I have been looking for some advice on this subject, and hoped that Professor Milton Bennion would treat it in his article entitled *Concerning the Education of the Young*, published in last year's ERA. He stated what to read. I might read all that and then be no better off after than before, in consequence of not having read aright. I believe that you will understand my situation and see what I want. I find, also, that I am not the only one in this situation."

The questions were referred to Professor Bennion, and we present his answer. In a general way his reply may be summed up into four or five words: determined will, interest, attention, application. Further, good literature is new at every reading, and grows in value as the mind improves.—EDITORS.]

What is reading? It is thought and appreciation, stimulated and guided by the printed page; not mere seeing or pronouncing words. In the first place, then, one should be sure that he is reading, that he is expending mental energy systematically and exclusively upon the thing in hand. In this connection it is necessary to guard against day-dreaming and other forms of mind-wandering, and against mere mental inactivity. In attempting to do this it may be helpful to choose a quiet time and place, free from all distracting influences, to assume an active position, sitting upright or leaning slightly forward; and in the beginning to

select something to read which in itself tends to stimulate interest. The room should be well ventilated; not too warm and not too cold for comfort. Between sixty-five and seventy degrees Fahrenheit is recommended. One should not be sleepy or tired, either mentally or physically. He should have had enough physical exercise to promote good circulation and to stimulate the bodily processes in general, but not enough to exhaust or diminish his energy. Any one who has difficulty in concentrating his thoughts might profit by selecting a book that is largely narrative and descriptive, and then compelling himself to have vivid images of the real things he is reading about. These images may be either visual or auditory, or both.

Good memory is partly determined by native characteristics of the individual brain. It may, however, be more fully determined by one's habits of thought. Cultivation of the memory comes indirectly through control of attention and association. Take care of attention and memory will take care of itself. But attention should be directed towards the fundamental thoughts and their natural and logical relations. This takes time; and to be well done, requires prolonged mental discipline. Measure the extent and worth of reading by the thoughts stimulated, not by the pages covered. One chapter really read is worth more than a whole volume merely run through. What is most thought over and woven into precious experiences by numerous associations is most easily and permanently remembered. All one's spare time should not be taken up in reading. Part of it should be given to thinking over what has been read, and making it an organic part of one's life. Talking about the contents of what has been read with some one who is interested may be helpful to the understanding and to the memory.

It should not be assumed, however, that it is possible on first reading to get all the thought and feeling there is to be had out of a piece of good literature. It is both natural and desirable that with further study and mental growth one should get more profound thought and a richer appreciation. The mental result of reading is always the joint product of the author and the reader. While the printed page may remain the same, the reader ought to grow from year to year and thus get an ever better product from

reading the same page of really good literature. The fifteenth Psalm read at the ages of ten, fifteen, twenty, and forty years respectively, should yield a very different result in each case.

The fact, then, that one is able to get new thought and inspiration on re-reading a book, after setting it aside for six months, is no cause for alarm. It may, on the other hand, be an indication both of the intrinsic value of the book and of the mental advancement of the reader. The opposite result would indicate either that the literature read is very poor, or that the reader is rather stupid. Literature is an expression of life; and life is very complex and many-sided. The associations suggested may never be exactly the same in any two readings of the same poem. Even during the same day the thought may vary greatly, since it is determined in part by the temporary moods of the reader.

“How can I turn what I read into life?” I am not sure that I understand the intent of this question. If it refers to the intellectual life, some suggestions on this point have already been offered, if to the moral life, it opens a broad field. Activity and motive taken together, are the index of the moral life. Thought and feeling gained through reading must, then, be turned into motive and action. Let no good thought or feeling escape without being expressed in some good act, performed through a worthy, unselfish motive. This can be done only by grasping principles, and then applying them in a manner appropriate to circumstances and conditions.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

WHAT THE CLOCK SAYS.

(For the Improvement Era.)

These bright little seconds are nuggets of gold.
The minutes are pails into which they are rolled.
The hours are the buckets; when each bucket weighs
A just portion, 'tis tipped to the measure of days;
Thence to the measure of weeks; and when
It teems to the brim, it is emptied again.

Thus they are rolled to the various spheres,
 From the caldron of months to the cistern of years.
 And time, like a mountain as firm as a rock,
 Is built with the seconds that fall from the clock.
 Prestige, renown, character, fame,
 The zenith of mind, the strength of a name,
 Are bought with these nuggets or won by your tears,
 That you turn to the days, and the months, and the years.
 Each shy little moment you pass with a frown
 Puts a stone in the way, and a void in your crown.

T. E. CURTIS.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

NIGHT.

(For the Improvement Era.)

When the Day-God hath journeyed afar,
 In his splendor of purple and gold;
 When his chariot wheels of fire
 Through the gates of the west are rolled—
 She cometh, her censer swinging;
 She cometh—softly singing—
 Night, in her robes of peace,
 Rest to the earth-world bringing.

Lovingly lingering on mountains majestic;
 Slowly straying by quiet streams;
 She beholds, at her coming, the Day-God departing,
 Night—the goddess of dreams!
 At her feet sweet flowers springing,
 Above her the nightingale singing—
 Night, in her robes of peace,
 Rest to the earth-world bringing.

The Wind-God a lover insistent,
 Layeth his lyre at her feet.
 The roar of the ocean, the murmur of forests,
 He blends into symphonies sweet.
 The wind a love-song is singing,
 Earth with music is ringing,
 While Night, in robes of peace,
 Rest to the world is bringing.

MAUD BAGGARLEY.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

A SUMMARY OF EUROPEAN DIPLOMACY.

BY DR. JOSEPH M. TANNER.

Great Britain.

At the opening of the year 1907 there are perhaps more questions of far-reaching significance to the peace and prosperity of Europe than at the beginning of any other year for the past century. In the first place, there is a struggle for alliances among the European powers, which clearly indicates some expectation of a great European war.

From this side of the Atlantic, Great Britain naturally takes a leading place in the interest manifested by the American people. There is some indication today that before long Great Britain may enter a great struggle for a change in the constitutional government of that country. At the recent election of parliament, the Liberals went into power by an overwhelming majority, and they represent the popular feelings in the government of the empire. This party proceeded at once to pass certain laws which represented the popular will as expressed at the ballot. The school question has been a burning question in England for many years. The Conservatives, or Union party, when in power had enacted laws providing for religious instruction in the public schools by the established church of England. Religious instructions are therefore given under the provisions of the law and at the expense of the government.

The Liberals proceeded forthwith to repeal this law in the House of Commons, and sent it to the House of Lords for its approval, and now the House of Lords is overwhelmingly Conservative in its political composition. It is said that at least three-fourths of this House is made up of the Conservative party. As

all laws have to be approved by this hereditary body, it is quite natural that the Liberals should be at a great disadvantage; and this proved to be the case when the education bill was vetoed by the Lords. The Liberal party has therefore the alternative of submission to the veto of the House of Lords or an appeal by the dissolution of parliament to the voters of Great Britain. If re-elected to office by a majority, the Liberals might proceed at once to pass again the education bill, and submit it a second time to the House of Lords. If the House of Lords again refuses to pass the bill, the House of Commons might declare the opposition of the House of Lords to be in defiance of the will of the people of Great Britain, and that henceforth the consent of the House of Lords in matters of legislation was not necessary to constitutional government of the English people. This would be in effect the dissolution of that hereditary body. It is, of course, quite likely that if the educational question were made a plain and direct issue before the people, in an election, the House of Lords would yield to the mandate of the people, and thus preserve its existence rather than to take chances.

The Liberal party has not proceeded to a test, and will probably try the House of Lords on a measure of home rule for Ireland—a measure of legislation which the House of Lords would be quite likely also to veto. Other differences may also arise between the Lords and the House of Commons, and thus the Liberals, in a dissolution of parliament, would have a number of issues on which to go before the people, and thus create a strong sentiment against the existence of the upper house of parliament, a sentiment that might result in the downfall of the House of Lords.

With respect to its foreign policy, Great Britain has made a wonderful change in her time-honored policy of “splendid isolation.” Great Britain in past decades has considered her opportunities to take advantage of differences between European powers more valuable while standing aloof; and this has been largely the case, for England has profited by the wars of other nations without having herself to take any part in them. But new conditions have arisen, and the British have shown themselves, after all, the foremost statesmen of Europe.

For a long time England's leaders have seen the folly of con-

tinuing traditional differences with France. The English clearly foresaw in Germany a menace to the stability and even the existence of the governments of Holland and Belgium. A large part of Germany's commerce and wealth is along the provinces of the Rhine. Germany greatly needs an outlet through the Rhine to the sea, and would therefore like to control Rotterdam and Antwerp. England alone, or France alone, would be unable to withstand German aggression in the direction of these two small kingdoms of western Europe. Both England and France would consider the absorption of either or both of these small kingdoms into the German empire as a most undesirable change in the balance of power in Europe—a change that would be intolerable. Holland would be made to turn over its thirty-eight million people which now belong to the colonies of that country. Great Britain felt, therefore, that it could very well afford to give France a free hand in Morocco, and thereby wipe out the differences between France and Great Britain with respect to Egypt, and at the same time form an alliance that would insure the stability of both Belgium and Holland.

The Russians, since the alliance between Great Britain and Japan, realize the uselessness of an aggressive policy towards Great Britain in the direction of the Indian empire. The English and the Russians find it possible to adjust the differences with respect to Persia and Turkey, two countries in which the Germans are gaining commercial control. This cordial understanding between Great Britain and France, and the alliance between the former country and Japan, will make the English people much more indifferent to the sympathy and support of the United States. An alliance of Great Britain with France and Japan would give these countries a mastery over the seas of the world, and the control of all foreign territories whose submission depends upon the naval power of the country to which the territories belong.

France.

At the time of the French Revolution, the Catholic church owned a large proportion of the richest lands in France, and many of the bonds of the French government. These lands and bonds were confiscated, as well as the cathedrals and other buildings be-

longing to the Roman church. Later on, the French government, in order to mitigate these drastic measures, entered into an agreement with the Catholic church at Rome, to pay, in lieu of these lands and churches, certain stipends to the clergy. This agreement was styled the concordat. Something like eight million dollars a year has ever since been paid out to the clergy, chiefly the Catholic.

Of late years, the Catholic clergy of France have taken an active part in the politics of the republic. This political activity gave rise to a strong opposition against the interference in politics by the clergy. Then the struggle between the church and the state was greatly hastened by the refusal of the Pope to receive in audience at the Vatican, Mr. Loubet, president of the French republic. The king of Italy had visited France, and the president of the French republic was to return the compliment, and France, being a Catholic country, the president announced his intention also of paying a visit to the Pope while at Rome. As the king of Italy is under the ban of the church, presidents of Catholic countries are not permitted, without the approval of the Pope, to pay the king a visit, or show him other distinguished marks of friendship.

The opposition of the French people became so pronounced against the policy of the Pope of Rome, that a separation between the church and state at once began. The French finally enacted a law, known as the association's law, by which hereafter all public worship in France must be held subject to associations under the civil law. The law also provided that hereafter all the clergy ordained to office should receive nothing by way of income from the state. Those priests already receiving annual dues were to continue to receive their annual stipend from the state. The Pope retaliated by refusing his assent to the formation of associations under the civil law for the conduct of worship. As the cathedrals and other churches were the property of the state, their further use could be had only by compliance with the terms of the civil law. The state has avoided all harshness in the execution of this law, and yielded much to the sensibilities of the Catholics.

What the final outcome is to be between the state and the church in France is a matter of supreme interest to an on-looking

world. France is evidently determined that the separation shall take place; that hereafter the church of Rome shall support its own ministry as fast as it is ordained to office. The Pope of Rome and his advisers evidently hope to create such a feeling among the electors of France as to change the present policy of the French government. It is a great struggle between ecclesiastical and civil power that all the world is watching with intense interest.

Germany.

Germany is having unusual difficulties in marshalling the numerous factions that make up the Reichstag. In that country there is no such party government as exists in the United States and in Great Britain, and legislative matters are generally introduced by the government, that is, the executive department, so that when a question arises whether an important bill should be passed or not, it very frequently happens that it is an issue between the prime minister directly and the kaiser indirectly, with the Reichstag. Such an issue has just been decided by an appeal to the popular vote. The Reichstag had refused to pass the appropriation called for the prosecution of the war against the Hereros in southwest Africa. Germany is already beginning to feel the heavy burden of its national debt, which has been increased over six hundred millions during Von Buelow's administration. Although last spring an increase of forty-five millions was put upon the taxpayers, there will still be a deficit in carrying out the military program and the ambitions for a large navy by the emperor.

There has been for years in Germany a strong feeling against taking so many able-bodied young men from the ranks of industrial life to serve in the army; and the military burden upon Germans is one of enormous proportions. The government has, however, been very successful in getting money out of the Reichstag. About so often, the government manages by one means or another to create excitement throughout the empire over the prospects of a war, and thus mold public sentiment in favor of increased military budgets. The contention a little more than a year ago between France and Germany over the Moroccan affairs had directly minor

importance, so far as Morocco was concerned, but a major importance in stimulating a public sentiment in favor of the policy outlined by Germany's war lord. The German Reichstag has, therefore, been whipped into submission by these regular national excitements over the prospects of war.

Another peculiarity which developed itself by the late dissolution of the Reichstag, was the fact that the Catholic wing, the ultramontanes, or clericals, voted against the government. For some years past the government has been exceptionally partial to the Catholics in matters of appointments and of assuming the role of protector in matters affecting the Catholic church in foreign lands. To the government, the refusal of the Catholics to support the policy in south-west Africa must have looked like ingratitude.

Russia.

The February elections in Russia will determine whether the new Douma, which is to meet in March, will be in harmony with the czar and his advisers, or whether it will be like its predecessor, set in its determination to compel the czar and his reactionaries to submit to the principle of ministerial responsibility to the Douma. Already there is rumor of a threat by the prime minister, Stolypin, to dissolve the newly-elected Douma in case it becomes intractable like its predecessor.

Meanwhile the terrorists are holding their secret courts, passing sentences of death upon the czar and those obnoxious to the anarchists. Notices are served upon these officials, and at short intervals the world is apprised by telegrams that this or that high official has just been assassinated. It hardly seems likely that Russia can now recede from the step taken in favor of a constitutional government, and the existence of a parliament whose approval shall be necessary to the promulgation of new laws.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG'S FIRST TRIP TO BEAR LAKE VALLEY.

BY SOLOMON F. KIMBALL.

[The following is a very interesting account of one of those frequent pioneer trips taken by President Brigham Young while engaged in the founding of settlements in these valleys of the mountains. It is doubly entertaining because written by a son of Heber C. Kimball, Brigham's right hand man. Solomon F. Kimball was at that time a lad of seventeen, and has a specially vivid recollection of the particular journey described herein. He states that the object of going so early in the season was to comply with the wishes of Apostle C. C. Rich who had been chosen by President Young to supervise the settling of Bear Lake Valley, and who was anxious that President Young should come early to aid him in selecting townsites, so that the settlers could get at their work of building and farming.]

The remarks accompanying, reported by Geo. D. Watt, taken from the Church records, and which here appear in print for the first time, were delivered by President Young standing in an open wagon in front of President Rich's residence. They are characteristic of him. They show how he could change from the discussion of practical, common things to the expression of deep devotion and religious philosophy, almost in the same breath. His sermon gives the lie to the slanders so often repeated that he and his people were enemies to law and order, and that they preferred ignorance to culture and education. Its counsels are as valuable to the Saints today as they were nearly half a century ago. As an instance in temporal affairs, witness that recent legislatures have appropriated thousands of dollars for the road from Bear Lake to Ogden Valley, and the citizens at both ends have enthusiastically joined with their means for the same purpose. In matters pertaining to the training and care of children, and the beautifying of home, it rings clear and true, today as then.—EDITORS.]

The rising generation know but little of the hardships endured in early days by the leading men of this Church, while they were helping the poor Saints to establish themselves in these valleys. In order to make plain to them at least one phase of this subject

it will only be necessary to give a brief account of President Young and party's first visit to the Bear Lake country.

On Monday morning, May 16, 1864, at 8:30 o'clock, this little company drove out of Salt Lake city on its journey. It consisted of six light vehicles and a baggage wagon, occupied by the following persons: Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, John Taylor, Geo. A. Smith, Wilford Woodruff, Joseph Young, Jesse W. Fox, Utah's surveyor, Professor Thomas Ellerbeck, George D. Watt, reporter, and seven teamsters. They reached Franklin, Idaho, on the afternoon of the third day, and by that time had increased their number to one hundred and fifty-three men, eighty-six of whom were riding in vehicles, the balance being picked men, mounted on good horses for assisting the company on the way. There were no houses between Franklin and Paris, Idaho, consequently the program was to drive directly through to Paris in one day if possible.

The fourth morning they got an early start, and drove almost to Mink Creek without accident. Here Brother George A. Smith's carriage broke down, but as good luck would have it, the brethren from Cache Valley had brought a light wagon along in case of such an emergency. The company were soon on the way again, as though nothing had happened.

They reached the foot of the big mountain which divides Cache Valley from Bear Lake Valley, and here is where the tug of war began. The mountain was so steep that all were compelled to walk except Apostle Smith who was so heavy that it would have been dangerous for him to undertake it, as he weighed not less than three hundred pounds. The mounted men soon had extra horses harnessed and hitched to singletrees, and President Young and others, who were too heavy to help themselves, took hold of these singletrees with both hands and were helped up the mountain in this way.

Apostle Charles C. Rich and others, who had settled in the Bear Lake Valley the fall before, came to their assistance with all the ox teams that could be mustered. Several yokes were hitched to Brother George A. Smith's wagon, and he was hauled up the mountain, but before he reached the summit his wagon was so badly broken that he was compelled to abandon it. Everybody had a good laugh over the incident, it being the second vehicle

broken down under his weight that day. With careful management under the supervision of President Young and council, the brethren managed to get him onto the largest saddle horse that could be found, and another start was made.

The company descended the mountain on the Bear Lake side and soon reached the head of Pioneer Canyon, where they struck mud, mud, mud, and then some more mud. It had been raining all day and everybody was wet through to the skin, except those who were riding in covered vehicles. Four horses were hitched to President Young's carriage, and several yoke of oxen to the baggage wagon. The majority of those who were riding in vehicles were compelled to walk on account of the trail being in such a fearful condition; and to see that presidential procession waddling through the deep mud was enough to make any living thing smile. It was the muddiest outfit ever seen in that part of the country.

Professor Ellerbeck undertook to cross the creek on a pole, and slipped off into the mud and water, and was a sad looking sight after he had been pulled out. Many others passed through a similar experience that day. It was a case of every fellow for himself, some going one way and some another, the majority of them taking to the sidehills. Several times President Young's horses mired down to their sides, but with careful driving they got through all right.

President Kimball, who was handling his own team this afternoon, undertook to drive around one of these bad places, and had not gone far when his horses struck a soft spot and sank almost out of sight in the mud. Here is where the mounted men were of service again. They soon had Brother Kimball's horses unhitched from the carriage, and long ropes fastened around their necks. Then about thirty men got hold of the ropes and pulled the horses out bodily, dragging them several rods before they could get upon their feet. The carriage was then pulled out.

President Young, who was in the lead, made another start, and had not gone far when one of the horsemen brought word that Brother George A. Smith's horse had given out, and that they were obliged to build a scaffold in order to get him onto another one. This amusing story caused the authorities to have another laughing spell at Brother Smith's expense.

This canyon is about four miles long, and it was a mud hole from beginning to end. The party reached the mouth of it at nine o'clock at night, and remained there long enough to rest and feed their animals. It was a cold night and the men made bonfires to keep themselves warm and dry their clothing.

About ten o'clock the company continued their journey. They drove down in the valley until they came to a small stream called Canal Creek. It was so narrow and deep that they had to jump their horses across it, and then get their vehicles over the best way they could.

They reached the city of Paris at 3 o'clock the next morning, but were unable to see it until they had reached the top of a small hill in the center of town. It consisted of thirty-four log huts with dirt roofs, but they looked good just the same.

The Bear Lakers had caught a wagon load of beautiful trout in honor of the occasion, and had plenty of good fresh butter to fry them in; and what a feast the brethren did have after living on hope and mud for twenty-four hours! Sister Stocks and daughter did the cooking for the authorities, and it kept them busy as long as the party remained there.

The next twenty four hours were spent in resting, as everybody was worn out; although Professor Ellerbeck took some scientific observations that day, probably the first that had ever been taken in that valley. The next day the company drove over to the lake, and spent several hours at a point where Fish Haven is now located. They returned to Paris that evening. The next day, being Sunday, they held an outdoor meeting in the forenoon. The speakers were President Young, who delivered the accompanying remarks, and Elders Kimball, John Taylor and George A. Smith.

Considerable merriment was afterwards had over the question of whether Brother Smith should return home with the company or remain at Paris until the mud had dried up. However, the decision was that he return home with the company on condition that Brother Rich furnish ox teams to haul him through the mud, and to the summit of the mountain. This Elder Rich, who was the pioneer of Bear Lake Valley, consented to do, and at 3 p. m. the presidential party started for home. In the meantime, Canal

Creek had been bridged over, and good time was made through the valley. They reached the mouth of Pioneer Canyon at dark, and camped for the night.

The next morning at 5 o'clock they continued their journey homeward. Brother Rich had more than kept his promise. He furnished two yoke of oxen for President Young's carriage, and four yoke for the baggage wagon, the latter being solely occupied by Brother George A. Smith, who had a smile on his countenance that made all who beheld it feel good through and through. These were the only vehicles drawn by ox teams. They followed the road through the mud, while the lighter vehicles, drawn by horses, hugged the sidehills, which were so steep that the brethren had to lash poles to the carriage beds, and bear down on the upper end of the poles to prevent the carriages from tipping over. This plan worked like a charm, and by nine o'clock the company had reached the summit of the mountain. Notwithstanding it rained hard all that day, the party reached Franklin about five o'clock that evening, and three days later they arrived home. They had been absent from home eleven days, and within that time had traveled four hundred miles, besides holding meetings at all the principal settlements along the route, both going and coming. They also selected several townsites.

Not long after their return home, they started on another journey to St George, going via Pine Valley and returning via Toquerville. They left the main road here, and visited all settlements on the Rio Virgin river. They also visited the principal settlements of Sanpete Valley, and were gone from home about five weeks, and had traveled upwards of one thousand miles.

President Young was heard to say that he had traveled that summer not less than three thousand miles, and that this was a fair average of what had been traveled by himself and company during many other seasons. On one occasion they took boats along with them, in order to ferry such streams as the Snake and Salmon Rivers.

REMARKS BY PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG, SUNDAY, 22ND
MAY, 1864.

At 10 a. m. a congregation collected opposite Elder Charles

C. Rich's dwelling, at Paris, Bear Lake Valley. Singing. Prayer by Elder Wilford Woodruff, when President Brigham Young said:

I do not design to preach, but merely to express my feelings in regard to this valley. We find it to be a very excellent valley, as far as we can judge from present appearances. It is a fine place to settle and raise grain, to build houses, make farms, set out orchards, raise fruits and all the necessities of life to make ourselves happy here as well as in other places. Elder Charles C. Rich, one of the Twelve Apostles, has been appointed to dictate the settlement of this valley. We wish to have the brethren abide his counsel, and if he needs instructions he will receive them from the proper source. We wish to see the brethren willing and obedient, for the Lord will have a people of this description, and if we are not prepared to build up his kingdom in the way he has devised, others will be called in who will do it. If we are willing to do this, we will commence at home to cultivate our own minds, and govern our actions before each other, and before heaven; if we do not do this our labors to build up the kingdom of God will be of little service. Self-culture should be as strenuously attended to in this valley as at the central point of the gathering of the Saints.

There are many advantages in this country, and we shall extend our settlements up and down the shores of this beautiful lake of water. I suppose we must be some seventy-five to one hundred miles nearer to the South Pass than Salt Lake City is. Our emigration, destined for this valley, will come at once to this point, and probably many will come in this season. This settlement is near the central point of this valley. I might just as well call this the central point, as on the other side of the river we have the farming, meadow and pasture lands, and numerous facilities that perhaps cannot be found in such abundance on the other side of the river for the support of a great city. I understand the legislature has named this settlement Paris, and I am satisfied with the name. The place south of this, about seven miles, I propose to call St. Charles, and it would suit me to have the county seat there. The business of the valley will be done at St. Charles whether Brother Rich lives here or there, or whether the High Council is held here or there. [It was then unanimously voted that the settlement be called St. Charles.] The city, town, or village that will be built there, I request the people to build on the south side of the creek. Brother Rich was desirous I should give a name for the creek; you may call it big water, tall water, large water, big creek, or pleasant water, or rich water.

The people here need a surveyor. We have young men who can learn in one week to survey this valley sufficiently accurate to be agreeable to all parties, and assure every purpose that can be desired. As to whether we are in Utah Territory or Idaho Territory, I think we are now in Idaho. I have no doubt of it, and the greater part of those who settle in this valley will be in that territory; the snow lies too low on the mountains here for Utah.

Let me here offer a caution to you Latter-day Saints. Men will hunt for your stock. Brethren have come here who have been asked to come, and some have fled from the influence of rule and good order, and when they find it here,

they will probably want to go to some other place where they expect to be exempt from paying taxes or tithing and be from under the influence of a bishop, and where, if they should take a notion to shade a beef creature it will not be known.

We should learn that we cannot live in safety without law. There is no being in the heavens that is able to live and endure without law; it is the purity of the law that preserves the heavenly hosts, and they strictly abide it. I know what those people are here for, and their object, if any, has been to come to this valley for an impure purpose. You will know it, and if they are not here yet, they will come and settle on your borders from Franklin, Weber, Box Elder, and other places, and they will branch out and want to get beyond everybody else, and if there is any beef upon the range they will want to have the privilege of butchering it, and of using it up. Every good person wants to live under the protection of law and order.

I wish to say to the heads of families, here or elsewhere, be sure to have your prayers morning and evening. If you forget your prayers this morning you will forget them tonight, very likely, and if you cease to pray you will be very apt to forget God. A true-hearted Saint loves to pray before his family, and he loves to have it known his heart is for God, and he is not afraid if all the world knows it.

Build mills to facilitate the building up of your towns and settlements, and let there be no selfish monopoly in this. Let the brethren not burn away any of the timber that will make lumber, but bring it down to your mills and saw it up for your fences, to build your houses, and make improvements of the best kind. My opinion is that the adobe is the best building material, if it can be well protected from moisture, which is an easy matter when plenty of lumber is to be had; and when they have stood one year, they are prepared to stand five hundred years as well as not. When you build your permanent dwellings, build nice, commodious habitations, and make your improvements as fast as you can. When you have gotten your crops in this season, and find a little leisure time, turn your attention to fixing a road from here to Ogden Valley, which will save fifty miles, that is the true route to go, and fix your roads as speedily as possible.

When you form your settlements, get together pretty close, let there be at least ten families on ten acres of ground. When you start to build upon a block, (Brother Charles C. Rich, please remember this), have the brethren build upon the block until every lot is occupied before you touch another. Then if you should be attacked by Indians, one scream will arouse the whole block. Get out these beautiful poles to fence with. I see no cedar here, but there is red quakingasp, and it is as good as any red pine we have for posts. This we have proved to our own satisfaction. Make your fences strong and high at once, for to commence a fence with three poles, it teaches your cows and other stock to be breachy. They learn to jump a three-pole fence. You add another pole, and that is soon mastered; you add another, and they will try that. Thus stock is trained to leap fences which would otherwise be sufficient to turn them.

I say again, with regard to saw-mills, get every man who can to build a saw-mill, for, boards the proper width and thickness make the cheapest fence you can have. Make your improvements, and do all you can.

Be sure that you do not let your little children go away from this settlement to herd cattle or sheep, but keep them at home. Send them to school; neither suffer them to wander in the mountains. When the brethren go into the mountains after timber, instead of going alone and unarmed, let a few go together and labor together to assist each other in times of difficulty. If you go alone, you may be left to perish.

The brethren may argue that the Lord is all sufficient to take care of them, but do you know what faith is, and do you feel the labor and the responsibility that is upon you to help yourself and others? When you are in imminent danger, do you exercise faith to preserve yourself and friends from the vengeance of deadly enemies? If you do not, get this yourself, you will then know what the labor is. Three of our brethren went out on the lake yesterday, in a small boat. The wind began to blow from the south. Had it not been for the faith of their brethren, and their own exertions, very likely, they would have been drowned, or would have drifted to the opposite side of the lake, and starved to death, or suffered greatly before help could have reached them. They were reckless, and unconcerned, and apparently their lives are of no worth in their own estimation. It is our duty to preserve our lives as long as possible. Fathers, take warning, numerous thieves have been raised on the herd grounds around our settlements. Some of them go to California, and others suffer the vengeance of an outraged law.

Keep your children in school, and let every father and mother make their homes so interesting that their children will never want to leave it. Make your houses and homes pleasant with foliage and beautiful gardens, with the fragrance and variegated colors of flowers, and fruit blossoms, and, above all, teach them always to remember that God must be in all our thoughts, and that from him proceeds every good thing.

President Heber C. Kimball, George A. Smith and John Taylor followed the president in much the same strain, and the meeting was dismissed by prayer, Brother George A. Smith being mouth.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE ANGEL'S SONG.

(For the Improvement Era.)

In early, happy childhood,
I climbed the flowery hill;
The summer sun shone brightly,
The sweet, June air was still,
When from a choir of angels
Came melody's sweet thrill.

My heart o'erflowed with feelings
Of joy ne'er known before,
I gazed far up in heaven
While music floated o'er;
Methought the choir of angels
Revealed the shining shore.

Oh, well do I remember
 What peace and love so fair
 Awoke in me while hearing
 The angels singing there;
 For all the choir of angels
 Sang wondrous praise and prayer.

They sang a song of Priesthood
 Again to earth restored,—
 A song of songs so joyful
 In praise of One adored:
 I knew the choir of angels
 Was singing of our Lord.

And then I greatly marveled
 That Priesthood was their theme;
 To me the word awakened
 A half-remembered dream
 Of life among the angels,
 Recalled by faith's bright gleam

That memory I treasured
 As years went fleeting by;
 I sought and found the Priesthood,
 And knew the reason why
 The chorus of the angels
 Was sent me from on high!

And oft is mem'ry singing
 Again those words of cheer
 I heard in happy childhood,
 With faith so fair and clear,—
 The dear, sweet song of angels,
 With heaven's love so near.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

J. L. TOWNSEND.

UTAH.

(For the Improvement Era)

There is a valley in the West,
 Set like a gem amid the hills—
 The wealth of empires in its breast,
 The light of freedom on its sills.
 High on the crest of circling peaks
 The silver of eternal snows
 A flashing signal ever speaks
 However green its vesture shows.

Land where the light of golden suns
 Mellows the golden buds of Spring!
 Where Summer long her season runs
 To steal the plumes from Winter's
 wing.
 Where armies of the golden corn
 March acre square in tasseled ranks,
 And the wheat's beared sheaves are
 borne
 By meadow bars and river banks.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Land of the rippling, inland sea,
 Rimmed with its low, salt-crustured
 shores,—
 Whose moods of deep or silver key
 Intone their music at thy doors;
 Of fertile plains, still to the dream
 Of sage and sago keeping pledge—
 Which yet with fruitful fields shall teem
 From mountain slope to salt sea edge.

Land of a thousand peerless gifts!
 Theme for the ages' minstrelsy—
 The voice of loyal peoples lift
 A song of fervent praise to thee!
 Sweet peace her olive sprays shall leave
 On paths thy mounting steps must
 tread;
 And the far reaching years shall weave
 Chaplets of laurel for thy head.

JOSEPHINE SPENCER

EDITOR'S TABLE.

UNJUSTIFIABLE DENUNCIATION.

The Hon. Julius C. Burrows, of Michigan, delivered a speech in the Senate of the United States, on Tuesday, December 11. The Senate had under consideration the resolution reported from the committee on Privileges and Elections, "That Reed Smoot is not entitled to a seat in the Senate as a Senator of the United States from the State of Utah."

The Senator's speech was mostly, if not entirely, directed against the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, its doctrines, and its leading authorities, from the days of Nauvoo to the present time. His only objection to Senator Smoot was that he is one of the authorities of the Church. His speech is a compilation of unfavorable and mostly entirely unjust criticisms from sources antagonistic to the Saints, and gathered principally from revamped tales published in our own state—tales promulgated by a combination of ministers, assisted by a local paper whose chief owners and writer are disgruntled politicians. Scraps of sermons, remarks, and statements by leading Church authorities, are separated from their context and made to show the position of the Church in a false light. Prejudiced reports of former early government officials, are repeated to prove his false contentions. Much that was said and done in the early 50's, in time of frontier excitement and contention, a great deal of it being irresponsible slander of the Latter-day Saints, is carefully woven into the speech of the Honorable Senator, so as to apply to the Latter day Saints then and to-day. Here is an example. Speaking of the Saints he says:

From the hour they took possession of the territory in 1847 the domination of this Mormon hierarchy in civil as well as in so-called "religious" affairs has been absolute and supreme, and there has been inaugurated and carried on for over forty years a carnival of crime in this Territory unexampled in the history of a civilized state.

Then, passing over the more recent history of the state up to this time, he makes this utterly false charge against the Latter-day Saints:

An organization that fosters and encourages crime, tramples upon all law, human and divine, practices polygamy and polygamous cohabitation, desecrates the home, debases man, degrades womanhood, debauches public morals, strikes at the Christian civilization of the age, undermines and shakes the foundations of society and government, destroys the sanctity of the marriage relation, defies the authority of the State and National Government, registers an oath of hostility to the American nation, and brings the name and fame of the good people of Utah into disrepute, and shame and humiliation to the American people—I submit that such an organization is not entitled to have its representative in the Senate of the United States.

And I will heartily agree as to the last statement. But without attempting in this little space to review or answer the Senator's falsehoods, I do declare, what is well known here, that there is no organization of that kind in Utah nor among the Latter-day Saints; and further, the Church neither has, nor seeks to have, a representative in Congress. If one of its members is in Congress, he is no more a representative of the Church than a Methodist, or a Catholic, or a Presbyterian who may be in Congress is a representative of the church to which he belongs. The federal officials elected from Utah were elected by the people of Utah, and by the political parties that chose them, and the parties are composed of all classes. The Church had positively no voice in the matter, and took no action in their election at all. The Church and state in Utah are separated effectively and completely.

Again Senator Burrows says in his effort to show the domination of what he terms the hierarchy in political affairs:

There has been no case in which a candidate for high office in Utah has obtained the consent of the Church to run and has been defeated, and there is no case in which one did not receive such consent and has been elected. The consent of the hierarchy is a command of the Church.

And yet he declares in the same breath, that in the Legis-

lature of 1899, "the Mormon Church made a determined effort to elect one, McCune, a Gentile," but failed. The truth of the matter is that the Church neither "made a determined effort," in this case, nor failed, for the reason that the Church had no voice in the matter. Neither is there a member of the Church in Utah who believes that the consent of the Church authorities to any of their associates to engage in civil, political, or business, affairs, is a command of the Church. What members do in these lines is their own affair, and the Church and its officers do not command, either by consent or otherwise.

Then, as to the character of the people of the Church, he says:

I think I am justified in saying in the light of history and the testimony, that from the time Brigham Young and his followers entered the Territory of Utah in 1847 until this hour the organization has been a criminal one.

On the contrary, all who know the truth will deny vigorously that he is justified in any such conclusion. His own words deny his own assertions. In further reply to such falsehood it is only necessary to point out that a criminal community could not have done what the Saints have accomplished in this state, neither could they have exercised the power for good that they have in the earth. Right conduct does not spring from crime; nor good character from evil teachings. Of Senator Smoot, he says:

The Senator stands before the senate in personal character and bearing above criticism and beyond reproach.

What may be thus truly said of Senator Smoot, may be said with equal truthfulness of the great majority of the Latter-day Saints. Their conduct is admirable; in virtue, truthfulness, reliability, and in every good thing that makes noble men and women, this people compare favorably with the people of any other state in this Union. They respect womanhood, they love home and family, provide for and educate their children, are patriotic and loyal to our nation; and are trained to, and do respect law and order. They are reliable and conservative. Such fruits, such results, do not ripen or spring from an organization teaching crime and lawlessness. And yet, for political purposes the Senator has denounced this people and its organization with every anathema of

destestation, and attaches to them every evil motive calculated to make men shudder with disgust. A man who bears such false witness should hide his head for very shame.

Never was there a falser, nor more unjustifiable denunciation of this people than is contained in the Senator's closing sentences. Surely it is time the people at home—business men, the press, and all who regard our state with favor—make vigorous protest against such slanders. At home here we have come to regard them as an evil joke, and many so treat them. But it is otherwise in the East. There they are believed. It is our duty to deny them, and by our protest brand them what they are—slanders. They can be easily refuted—the daily lives and actions of our people are in themselves refutations, and our history bears record of this truth.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Does a wife hold the priesthood in connection with her husband? and *may she* lay hands on the sick with him, with authority?

A wife does not hold the priesthood in connection with her husband, but she enjoys the benefits thereof with him; and if she is requested to lay hands on the sick with him, or with any other officer holding the Melchizedek priesthood, she may do so with perfect propriety. It is no uncommon thing for a man and wife unitedly to administer to their children, and the husband being mouth, he may properly say out of courtesy, "By authority of the holy priesthood in us vested."

Is the mind a part of our spiritual or physical existence?

Without doubt, mind is not a physical, but a spiritual existence. The spirit of a man is the life of a man, that which is spiritual being in the likeness of that which is temporal. The spirit of a man is in the likeness of his person. (Doc. & Cov., 77: 2.) What we call mind must be the effect of the spirit, since without the spirit, which is life, there is no mind. The old saying arises: What is matter? Never mind. What is mind? No matter." We must agree that matter is never mind, and that mind is not matter, at least not such matter as composes our physical

existence. But we are also told that "all spirit is matter, but it is more fine or pure, and can only be discerned by purer eyes." (Doc. & Cov., 131: 7.)

Is an officer of the Church—a bishop, for instance—justified in consecrating oil for anyone to sell—Jew, Gentile or Saint—in a public store?

The brother who asks this question further says: "Of late years, it has been customary to have twenty or thirty bottles of oil consecrated at our fast meeting, and then taken to the stores to sell, as a convenience for the people. This seems to me like trifling with sacred things." You are certainly correct; and if any such practice as consecrating oil by the wholesale to be retailed from any public store, is in vogue, the proper ward or stake authorities should see that such practice is immediately discontinued. Consecrated oil may be obtained from the properly designated officers of the temples of the Latter-day Saints; or unconsecrated oil may be handed to the bishops of the wards for consecration.

MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS.

Elder James M. Gibbs, writing from New Zealand, October 30, sends the following message to the ERA: "The elders of the Bay of Islands conference, New Zealand Mission, feel thankful to the Lord in being able to report the baptism of five more converts, and one child blessed, October 21, 1906. This makes 45 baptisms and 29 children blessed in this conference since July 29, 1906. Notwithstanding the opposition that the elders meet, the work of the Lord is growing in this part, insomuch that other denominations are beginning to realize the fruits of 'Mormon' labors and are sending their shepherds out two by two to gather their flocks from before the 'Mormon' wolves."

"Baltimore is a city of over six hundred thousand inhabitants. It is famous for its many and beautiful churches. We have six elders laboring in the city. Seven baptisms have been performed since last July. We have sold over five hundred books in six months, and have a Sunday School and a Mutual Improvement Association. Several of our local members are doing active missionary work. The people of Baltimore are very hospitable as a rule." So writes Elder George A. Cochrane, presiding elder, under date of January 9, 1907.

The headquarters of the European mission are now at Durham House, 295 Edge Lane, Liverpool. All communications intended for the *Millennial Star*, and

for emigration and other business connected with the establishment, should be addressed there in future instead of Holly Road.

Elder Lawrence R. Layton, laboring in Grimsby conference, gives particulars to the *Millennial Star*, December 27, 1906, concerning a remarkable case of healing which was witnessed in York, England, about December 13. His report is as follows:

"On Tuesday, December 4, Elder Adam Glenn and I were visiting the Saints of this branch just previous to his leaving to go to labor in Grimsby branch. Among others, we visited Sister Jane Siddall, who had been without the free use of her speech for over fifteen years, not being able to speak above a whisper when she went out of the house. During our conversation she said she had often wished that she might have her voice restored, as it had been a great drawback to her in many ways. She had not murmured, however, thinking it was God's will that she should be thus afflicted. She said she had tried many kinds of medicine, and had been under the care of several doctors, but they had failed to do her any good. The last doctor told her that he could do nothing for her. We asked her if she did not believe that God could heal her. She said she knew he could if she had been afflicted long enough to answer the end for which the affliction had been sent. We told her of the blessings which attended the ministry of the Savior and his apostles, and that the same power is on the earth today. If we lack the blessings of God it is because we have not sufficient faith in him. She expressed a desire to be administered to. As we had not brought any oil along, we consecrated a bottle that Sister Siddall had, and then we knelt down and prayed to God (Elder Glenn being mouth) to bless her, and, if it were his will, to restore her voice. I then anointed her head with the oil and Elder Glenn sealed the anointing. After we had removed our hands from her head she spoke, and we could hear that her voice was much clearer. She said that while our hands were on her head she felt something loosen in her chest, and she was able to breathe much easier and deeper. She said that she knew God had answered our prayers. We left soon after, as we had several other families to visit that afternoon. The next night we received a letter from Sister Siddall stating that she felt so happy that she could not resist the temptation of going into the night air and giving her voice a trial. She found that she could speak as well outside as inside the house. The next morning she went out into the town and met a Wesleyan friend. He noticed that her voice was better, and asked her how she had got it back and she told him that it was through the power of God. This case of healing has been a great testimony to all the Elders and Saints and to all who have heard of it. We hope that it will be the means of strengthening the faith of others."

During November there were fifteen baptisms in the Scandinavian mission; 21,575 strangers' homes were visited; 437 meetings were held; and eight children blessed. The presidents in the three conferences in Denmark were changed, so that they are now organized as follows: Chas. C. Nielson, Aalborg; Anders P. Nielsen, Aarhus; Niels L. Lund, Copenhagen. In the Swedish mission there are sixty-one missionaries laboring, and they visited 16,306 strangers' homes.

held 240 meetings, baptized nine people, and blessed five children during the month of November.

The annual and semi-annual statistical reports of the Southern States mission, for 1906, are printed in the *Elder's Journal* for January 15. The semi-annual report for the six months just ended, shows a vast improvement over the previous one-half year, especially in the families visited and revisited, books sold and distributed, and meetings held. Comparing the work of 1905 with that of 1906, the latter, in nearly every item is far in advance of the former, the baptisms for 1906 having been 90 more than for the year 1905. In 1906 there were 30,370 families visited, 101,904 revisited, 342,869 tracts distributed, 12,189 meetings held, 202,395 gospel conversations, 678 children blessed, 645 baptisms, 11 Sunday schools organized, and one new branch organized. The *Elders' Journal*, published by the mission has had a remarkable growth, and the past year has been a very prosperous one in that field. The *Journal* says: "Many remarkable healings by the power of the Lord have been reported, and his blessings have been poured out in great abundance upon the elders and their work. The Saints, too, have been blessed for their faithfulness, and a good, peaceful spirit is found among them."

Elder John Russon, Milwaukee, Wis., writes: "Our Saints and friends in Milwaukee are universally interested in the study of 'Modern Revelation' as it is outlined in this season's manual. We have a good attendance in our meetings, and all take an active part in the lessons that are treated from week to week. The result of our winter work will be an increased love for the Book of Commandments, and a strong testimony that Joseph Smith is a prophet of the Lord. We hope to place the proper value on the gospel of Jesus Christ, and live in harmony with it."

The *Millennial Star* began its sixty-ninth year on Thursday, January 3, 1907, and to celebrate the occasion came from the press clad in a new dress. The type is bolder and larger than used in previous volumes, but the reduction in the amount of reading matter is very small indeed. This is but one of the improvements recommended by President Charles W. Penrose, the editor, who desires to see the journal hold its high place among the publications of the Church. We congratulate the splendid publication on its new anniversary, and its beautiful dress, and wish it many happy returns of the day.

De Ster, the monthly journal of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints for the Holland Mission, issued a double illustrated number for January, 1907, which celebrated the beginning of its twelfth year. Among the illustrations were Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, the Temple Block, Eagle Gate and Bee Hive House, Salt Lake City, First Presidency of the Church, and President Alexander Nibley, editor, and Paul Roelofs, associate editor, together with their co-laborers in the office; and presidents of conferences. We congratulate the editors on having such an able representative in *De Ster*, and wish it increased usefulness during the coming years.

OUR WORK.

THE SPIRIT GIVETH LIFE.

This was the subject of remarks by Elder E. H. Anderson, before the officers of the Y. M. M. I. A., at the General Conference of June 10, 1905: We are told that when God made man, he made him out of the dust of the earth. He then breathed into him the breath of life and he became a living soul. I want to suggest an analogy in our organizations. Our organization, though conceded to be very good, is dust without the spirit, or breath of life. In the creation, God made all things, first spiritual, and then he made the material substances, combining the two in the trees and flowers, the living beings we see upon the earth, and all kinds of animals. Before the spiritual and material were united in the flesh, there was no expression; we could not see nor comprehend. So, it takes both spiritual and temporal to make the perfect being in this world, and it is exactly the same in our Church and Mutual Improvement Associations; we have the machinery, which might be compared to the temporal, and then we ought to have the spirit injected into this machinery to make life and vigor. As man is a dual being, having both a spirit and a body, and as one without the other is not perfect, so also it is with our organizations. It is not well to make too much of one or the other, but if we should make too much of either, we could not miss it by making the spiritual the main point in our work, because without it, we accomplish very little good.

Only a few days ago the Japanese Admiral, Togo, sank several of the Russian ships, practically demolishing the Russian Navy, and when he reported to the Mikado what he had done, he attributed his victory to the spirit of the Mikado. An American editor who thought to be funny made sport of the fact that a spirit should win a victory, and declared it was due to the men and the cannon. While that may be true, in part, yet it is not very strange that Admiral Togo should believe that the spirit of the Mikado did the work, because behind the guns, and underlying the labors of the men, there was indeed the spirit of the Mikado,—the patriotic spirit that the Japanese had felt and displayed for their country. On the other hand, there was the Russian strength; there were the ships, there were the men, the arms, the ammunition and provisions, but under all these material things, which were often superior to those of the Japanese, there was no spirit. The result was, there was no power and defeat resulted. The spirit giveth life, and strength, and power.

We behold some material things that we have accomplished as Latter-day Saints, but it was the spirit enjoyed by those who toiled that made them possible. We look across the street, and we see the spires of the temple, its great walls, and unless we comprehend the inspiration underlying the building of that house, the feeling and the purpose that lies underneath it, we cannot understand to the fullest extent its meaning, and we see little use in it, but if we understand the spirit and power and force underlying the faith and actions of the Latter-day Saints, then we understand not only how they could have been accomplished but the object of their achievements is made plain.

In our associations, we ought to have this patriotic spirit, this underlying spirit which causes success. We should not be altogether given to individualism, though I am convinced this is an individual work, but should be patriotic and feel for the association, the public, as well. We should seek to inspire patriotism for these associations, among teachers and members as well, and this will enable us to achieve success; without it, we cannot engender enthusiasm in the young people; they cannot be made to love the work; they cannot be made to feel the importance of it, unless underlying it there is this enthusiasm or spirit. This machinery that we have, must have with it, the spirit of the work, in order that the best good may be accomplished; and unless we have that spirit, and unless we get men who have that feeling or patriotism, the work will not be done; if done at all, it is done in such a way that only few of the members work, and the good that is accomplished is not sufficient to pay for the effort that has been made.

In our exercises, also, we should not pay too much attention to the mechanical work, but should seek to inspire every member of the association with the importance of the spiritual labor, both to himself and the society. In order to do this, we must necessarily have some freedom; we cannot follow rules too closely; we cannot make ourselves entirely subject to that which is given to us in the outline. The outlines are a convenience and not an absolute necessity. Of course, we must pay attention to them, to a certain extent, but let us not make ourselves slaves, but rather let us seek to obtain the spirit of the work, so that we may have freedom to insure the best success possible. If we fail in obtaining the spirit of it, we may set it down that we will not accomplish our task. No matter how much is prepared for us to enable us to make this work easy, unless we get the spirit and the love of the work, we cannot successfully accomplish it. This is a point that I trust the officers will especially heed. How shall we get the boys to enjoy the spirit of the gospel, the spirit of Mutual Improvement work? Seek to make them feel that it is an important part of their lives, that they are interested in it, and that there is nobody pushing them to do it like so many machines, but that they themselves realize its importance, and are anxious to do the work.

I hope the time will soon come when the pressure from the outside, from the leaders, from the presidents, from the general boards, will not need to be so great as it is at the present time, but that the pressure from the inside by the spirit of God operating in the hearts of the members will be so great that the work will push onward of itself from this cause. It has been suggested, that we have a

great deal of pressure from the outside placed upon our associations; the importance of the IMPROVEMENT ERA, the Mutual Fund, the Manual; and all these various incidentals has been urged to insure the prosperity and success of the associations. We have urged them as a duty; but I hope the time will come when there will be a pressure of love for them from the members, so that the young people will attend to these duties of their own volition, because they see their value and love them. Let us see if we cannot awaken this spirit of love for this great work; this spirit and feeling: What can I do? I want to do something; I want to be one with you in this work.

This labor creating this enthusiasm in the hearts of the young people, devolves upon parents, teachers and officers, and in order to accomplish it, they must first themselves be imbued with this spirit; then they may make the members of the associations and their children feel it. Now, I do not wish to speak further, except to say that if we wish anything done, the spirit of the work must be in the heart of the man or boy who is to do it, and if we cannot get this spirit into his heart, and make him feel it, and understand it, it will be very difficult to accomplish anything. I hope and trust that we will all feel the influence of the spirit of the Lord in our Church and improvement work, and become interested in it because of the love we have for it.

THE MONTHLY REPORTS.

The monthly reports from the stake superintendents of the Y. M. M. I. A., which have been received by the General Board, have been generally incomplete. They show a serious lack of energy and regular attendance on the part of the membership of our associations. The average attendance in the associations is very low compared with the membership rolls, and there are large numbers reported who should be enrolled, but who are not members of our associations. It appears from the reports, therefore, that there is great room for missionary work: in the first place, to obtain a much larger membership roll than we now have; and in the second place, to induce those who are enrolled, to become active members of the associations, to attend meetings regularly, and to take part in the exercises.

Another fact that has been demonstrated by the reports received, is that many of the secretaries of the various associations are derelict in their duties. The superintendents have complained that it is almost impossible to obtain a report from their ward associations each month. This is certainly very remarkable, when it must be conceded that if the secretary is attending properly to his duties the information required could be placed in the blanks in five or ten minutes, at the most. We trust that the stake superintendents will insist strenuously upon having these reports sent into them, during the working season, so that they may be informed upon the needs of their workers in the various wards. It may be safely said that only about thirty-three per cent of the eligible popula-

tion, or of the people who should be members and workers in our associations, attend our meetings. More active missionary work is needed, and it is not yet too late to institute it this season. This is an important work that should be considered in every officers meeting, from the present time on.

REGULAR OFFICERS' MEETINGS.

Alexander Buchannan, then superintendent of Pioneer Stake, spoke upon the indispensibility of regular ward and stake officers' meetings, at the general conference of the M. I. A., June 9, 1905. He said in part:

To be a stake or ward officer in any organization carries with it great responsibilities. Stake and ward officers are looked to for counsel and advice from those under them. If problems arise, and they often do, they are the individuals who are to furnish a key to their solution. When these conditions arise, the officers should be well primed for the task. They must obtain this preparation by holding frequent meetings and studying the subjects and conditions that prevail. To be unprepared means to lose, to a certain extent at least, the confidence of those with whom you are associated. To be prepared means to add to that confidence and to gain thereby the respect of both officers and members. Officers should be minute men in every sense of the term. They should be ready with a knowledge in detail of all statistics and conditions at a moment's notice. The cause of failure, I believe, in many departments of our work, is a lack of interest by the officers. If interest is kept up by means of regular stake and ward officers' meetings we will see an increase instead of a decrease in the attendance, and also a more earnest desire to study the Manual. Our officers should be thoroughly alive and active with the importance of the work; and they should leave no stone unturned in becoming thoroughly acquainted with conditions as they exist in their respective stakes, and wherein these conditions tend to cut down the attendance or create indifference among the young men they should remedy them, and weed out any imperfections that may be found. This can be done most effectively by regular ward and stake meetings of the officers and the work connected with them.

NOTICE TO ERA AGENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

Where you have extra numbers of No. 1, Vol. 10, please return them to this office immediately. In case you have any numbers to sell, this office will pay 20 cents for each copy, if you return the numbers without delay.

CORRECTION IN LESSON 20.

In lesson 20 of the Manual for this season, page 136, par. 12, beginning with the 3rd line we read: "The telestial glory, which is the lowest of all glories enumerated by God, for those who shall be subjected to the second death," etc., should read: "for those who shall *not* be subjected to the second death," etc.

EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

BY EDWARD H. ANDERSON.

The Church is Out of Debt.—On Thursday, January 10, the Latter-day Saints University celebrated Domestic Arts Day. In the evening a reception was held in the Lion House, one hundred sixty invitations having been sent out to people connected with the school more than two years, also to the General Board, the First Presidency, and the apostles. About one hundred thirty were present, and the evening was spent in listening to a first-class program, and in partaking of a banquet prepared by the students of the Domestic Arts department, under Miss Lydia Holmgren. There are sixty students this year in the Domestic Arts class.

One of the features of the program was an address by President Joseph F. Smith, in which he stated that the demands of the Church schools on the authorities had grown from \$60,000 a year to upwards of \$225,000 this year. Speaking of the need of a gymnasium, President Smith gave encouragement to the young people by stating that he would very much like to see a suitable gymnasium building for the University. He made the important announcement that the Church is now entirely out of debt which means a saving of from \$30,000 to \$60,000 per year in interest, and that he would like to see a part of this means expended for the building of a gymnasium for the University. He regretted also that the Church had not purchased the Union Square for the establishment of the school, as the present quarters are very crowded. The Lion House has been turned over to the Latter-day Saints University as a woman's building, for the teaching of Domestic Science and Arts, and it has recently been renovated and remodeled for this purpose. The celebration was in commemoration of the completion of this work.

The Seventh Utah Legislature.—This body met at noon in the City and County building, Salt Lake City, Monday, January 14, 1907. The members of the senate were sworn at 12:30 o'clock by Chief Justice McCarty, and the house members by Supreme Court Justice D. N. Straup; and the officers of both houses, as agreed upon in caucus of the Republican party on Saturday evening, except as to Chaplain, were elected as follows:

Officers in the Senate:—President—Stephen H. Love, Salt Lake county; Secretary—Robert S. Campbell, Salt Lake county; Minute Clerk—Mrs. Dennis C. Eichnor, Salt Lake county; Docket Clerk—Benjamin Backman, Utah county; Engrossing Clerk—Joseph A. Smith, Cache county; Chaplain—Rev. P. A. Simpkin, Salt Lake county, instead of Anton Nielsen of Emery county who was agreed upon in caucus; Committee Clerks—William Johnson, Piute county; John R. Edgell, Juab county; Mrs. Alice R. Hamilton, Salt Lake county; Mailing Clerk—William Asher, Utah county; Sergeant-at-Arms—Miah Day, Millard county; Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms—E. M. Allison, Sr., Weber county; Messengers—C. W. Perkins, Sanpete county; W. G. Rasband, Wasatch county; Stenographer—Phyllis

Lynch, Salt Lake county; Doorkeepers—Samuel Miles, Jr., Washington county; T. S. Wadsworth, Morgan county; Watchmen—Parley Bryan, Tooele county; Clarence Ernest, Weber county.

In the House.—Speaker—Harry S. Joseph, Salt Lake county; Chief Clerk—Alexander Buchanan, Salt Lake county; Minute Clerk—Elijah D. Hawkins, Utah county; Engrossing Clerk—E. Orth, Weber county; Docket Clerk—A. L. Toone, Weber county; Sergeant-at-Arms—William R. Thompson, Millard county; Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms—Thomas C. Rowberry, Tooele county; Watchman—Alexander Spence, Summit county; Messengers—William Archibald, Summit county; Peter Mortensen, Sanpete county; Chaplain—David Hess, Davis county; Doorkeepers—Thomas Calder, Rich county; William L. White, Box Elder county; Committee Clerks—June Pack, Uintah county; Sadie Cassidy, Utah county; Florence Hull, Salt Lake county; Janitor—Robert Houston, Salt Lake county.

Baby no Longer.—It was just about eleven years, January 6, 1907, that Utah had enjoyed the privilege of being the baby of the United States. Oklahoma is now born, and her star will soon be the 46th on the flag of the Union. Utah has passed her babyhood in good health, and is to-day a hearty youngster, with the remarkable record of only one political boil—the “American” party—and that is fast heading to heal. Politically, educationally, socially, morally, and religiously, —and in commerce, manufacture, mining, and agriculture, Utah is a hearty, healthy child. Here’s to her continued growth and prosperity! Judging by her sons and daughters to-day, Utah should be the brightest gem of the West in another decade. Here’s to their advancement and glory! And to the health, prosperity, and growth of her baby sister, Oklahoma!

Business Prosperity.—Business conditions in Utah were never better than in 1906. The crops were abundant, mining was at its height. There were between \$33,000,000 and \$34,000,000 produced from the mines with dividends of over five millions. The fruit and manufacturing interests made immense strides onward. The bank clearings in Salt Lake showed close onto a million a day. For the whole year it was \$288,175,012.88 as against \$211,597,739.59 for 1905; and the other cities of the state held their own in proportion. What is said of Utah may be truly said, in a general way, of surrounding states.

Brigham Young College Bequest.—Hon. Charles W. Nibley has given \$10,000 to the Brigham Young College at Logan, and as a consequence a new administration building will be erected, during the early part of the year, to fit into the present system of buildings. The building will be 65 by 105 feet, two stories, with a seating capacity of from 1,200 to 1,400 people, and it will be used for general students’ assemblies, devotional exercises, lectures, amusements, and sociables.

Third Term League.—In the early part of December a Roosevelt Third Term National League was organized in Chicago; Edward A. Harner, a former resident of Colorado, is the president of the League, and, in an address recently promulgated, declares that President Roosevelt is the people’s choice irrespective of party, for president, and demands his nomination in 1908. Mr. Harner ha^s

later declared that "this is a people's movement, not a politician's movement. It is true the president has said he will not run again, but we take the position, that if the people need him, and insist that he serve another term, he cannot refuse." To counteract this movement, and as a protest to some of the late steps of President Roosevelt, *Harper's Weekly* has begun to criticize his administration, with intimation of more severe strictures yet to come.

Church Building Burned.—Early on Saturday morning, January 5, the principal building of the Reorganized church, commonly known as the "Josephites," situated at Lamoni, Iowa, burned. The total loss is estimated by the *Saints Herald*, at \$40,000, \$10,000 of which is covered by insurance. Their church library, papers of the church historian, and his labor for many years, many old historical documents and papers in the secretary's office, and the entire plant of the *Saints Herald*, and *Autumn Leaves*, a publication of the young people, were destroyed. Elbert A. Smith, associate editor of the *Herald*, announces in a diminutive issue of the *Herald*, January 9, that the building will be rebuilt, \$13,045.50 having already at that time been secured by subscriptions ranging from 50 cents to \$1,000.

The Nobel Prizes.—When Dr. Alfred Nobel died in Norway in 1895, he left ten million dollars for five prizes to be annually awarded for the most important discoveries in physics, chemistry, and physiology or medicine; for the most remarkable idealistic literary work, and for the greatest service rendered to the cause of peace during the year. These prizes amount to about \$40,000 each, and for 1906 were awarded as follows: The peace prize, the awarding of which rests with the Norwegian parliament, to President Theodore Roosevelt for his services in ending the Russo-Japanese war. Researches in physics, to Prof. J. J. Thompson, University of Cambridge, England. Department of chemistry, to Monsieur Moissan, Prof. of chemistry at the Sorbonne, Paris; that in medicine was divided between Profs. Cajal and Golgi of Paris for their researches into the anatomy of the nervous system; and that for distinguished work in literature was given to Giosue Carducci, professor of literature at the University of Bologna.

Famine in China and Russia.—In a district in China covering more than 40 000 square miles, and which supports a population of 15,000,000, heavy floods have caused a large part of the land to be flooded, and people have had to wade through water in many places knee deep, and even waist deep. The devastation has caused famine in the province of Kiangsu; about 300,000 refugees were recently encamped near Yangchow and 30,000 near Nankin. President Roosevelt, in a proclamation published just before Christmas, appealed for help for the sufferers, and during January the papers of this country generally, including the *Deseret News* of this state, have been receiving contributions for the aid of the sufferers. It is expected that the President will ask Congress for authority to use American transports to carry flour and other food to the stricken region.

Among the peasants of the Volga provinces, Russia, famine is acute and is increasing in severity. Many have died from hunger, and the fearful barter of children for food by needy parents is reported in some districts.

New British Ambassador.—The Right Hon. James Bryce, a distinguished historian and statesman, author of *The Holy Roman Empire*, for twenty-three years regius professor of civil law at Oriel college, Oxford, and author of the recognized authority *The American Commonwealth*, has been appointed British ambassador to the United States, to succeed Sir Henry Martimer Durand, who has acted in that capacity since 1903. Mr. Bryce is in his sixty-ninth year, and has been in parliament since 1880. He leaves the post of Chief Secretary for Ireland, in the British cabinet, to accept this his first appointment to a diplomatic position. For a long time he has been an advocate of home rule for Ireland, having helped to draft the second home rule bill.

Austria Adopts Universal Suffrage.—A new bill was passed by the Upper House of the Austrian Reichsrath on December 21, 1906, which had previously passed the Lower House, providing that every male above 24 years of age, in possession of civil rights, shall be entitled to registration as a voter. The new bill abolishes plural voting and provides for a secret ballot. The measure will effect a radical change in the Austrian electorate. The 425 members of the present Reichsrath were elected in 1900-01 as follows: 85 were elected by 5,431 landowners, 21 by 556 chambers of commerce, 118 by 493,804 urban voters paying direct taxes, 129 by rural voters paying direct taxes, and only 72 by a general electorate of more than 5,000,000. The five million will have their chance in the next election.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts Dead.—This life-long philanthropist, and one of the best beloved women in England, died on December 30, 1906, in her 93rd year. She made it the business of her life to relieve human needs. She inherited immense wealth, estimated at ten million dollars, from her grandfather, Thomas Coutts, the banker, and made use of it very liberally in public and private charities. She received a peerage in 1871 from Queen Victoria, and in 1881 married a Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, an American, 37 years her junior, who assumed the name of Burdett-Coutts.

"Bravery—Saving Lives."—For rescuing a child that fell into the Weber river last August, Thoms A. Harris, a 17-year old son of Joseph Harris, an Ogden, Utah, barber, was awarded a silver medal and \$2,000 for educational purposes, by the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission, at Pittsburg, Pa., January 16. This is the third life young Harris has saved, he having rescued two adults previous to the child for whose life he has been awarded the "Carnegie Hero Medal."

Died.—St. David, Ariz., November 17, 1906, Patriarch George, T. Wilson, 80 years of age. He was a pioneer settler of Mesa, Ariz.—In Richfield, Tuesday, 27, Andrew Heppler, born Germany, November 15, 1833, came to Utah in 1872.—In North Ogden, Friday, November 30, Lorenzo Waldram, Sr., was buried. He died in Pleasant Grove, Utah, was born in England 81 years ago, and came to Utah in 1869, settling in Harrisville.—In Vernal, Utah, 26th, Ellen Wilkeshire Karren, born England, April 2, 1844, came to Utah in 1853.—In Salt Lake City, December 1, 1906, Elizabeth Brewerton Emery, born England, March 13, 1828.

joined the Church in 1844, came to Utah in 1852, having stopped one year in Kanesville.—In Geneva, Idaho, 3rd, Henry Teuscher, 53 years of age, a native of Switzerland, came to Utah in 1883.—In Lehi, Utah, 3rd, John Worlton, born England, September 14, 1846, came to Utah in 1855. He was a member of the Black Hawk war veterans.—In Salt Lake City, December 5, James White, volunteer fireman and Indian fighter, born England, June 25, 1833, came to America in 1854, and from St. Louis to Utah in 1862.—In Springville, 6th, Joseph W. Bissell, born Boston, January 1, 1830, baptized in Iowa in 1850, and came to Utah in 1852.—In Provo, 7th, Ann Bullock, born England 79 years ago, and came to Utah 52 years ago, locating in Provo.—In Goshen, Utah, 8th, Bishop Peter Okelberry, born Sweden, September 2, 1845, came to Utah in 1863. He was an energetic Church worker.—In Lehi, 9th, Lucinda Sadelia Bushman, a passenger in the ship *Brooklyn*, born Connecticut, April 4, 1843, came from California to Utah in 1857.—In Salt Lake City, Sunday, 9th, in the Eleventh ward meeting house the funeral services were held over Eunice Fitzgerald McRae. She was born in Kentucky, Feb. 7, 1818, and died December 3, 1906.—In Spring City, Utah, of which city she was a pioneer, Monday, 18th, Isabella Blair, born England, January 31, 1817, joined the Church in 1841, and came to Utah in 1863, a widow with a family of ten children.—In Washington, Wednesday, 13th, from the effects of a gunshot wound from a pistol fired by Anna M. Bradley, Arthur Brown, lawyer and first senator from the State of Utah, born Michigan, March 8, 1843.—In Salt Lake, 12th, Isadore Morris was buried. He died, Sunday, 9th, was born in Russian Poland, March, 1844, and came from California with Col. Connor's soldiers to Utah in 1862. He was a warm friend of the Latter-day Saints, an active Mason, and an orthodox Jew.—In American Fork, 14th, James Pulley, born England, May 17, 1823, came to Nauvoo in early days, and was with the remnant driven from there in 1846, came to Utah in 1856.—In Manilla, Utah, 14th, James Warley, born England, November 15, 1822, came to Utah from Australia in 1854.—In Douglas, Ariz., 17th, Hon. Joseph K. Rogers, first bishop of Pima, and member of two legislatures, born Indiana, December 20, 1844, came to Utah in 1850, and to Arizona as a pioneer in 1879.—In Alpine, 19th, Frederick Beck, born Denmark, February 19, 1831, a veteran of the Danish-German war of 1864, who came to Utah in 1866.—In Salt Lake, Saturday, 22d, Harriett Flowers Ball, born England, November 25, 1834, and came to Utah in 1853.—In Circleville, Piute county, 23rd, Jane Browning Stewart, born Illinois, August 14, 1837, came to Utah in 1853.—Near Mona, Juab county, same day, James Mendenhall, born Pennsylvania 70 years ago.—In Ogden, 27th, Josiah Read, born England, 81 years ago, and came to Utah in 1881.—In Mt. Pleasant, Sunday, 23rd, Mrs. Hyrum Winters, born Wales, May 2, 1833, joined the Church in 1842, and came to America in 1843 and to Utah in 1852.—In Salt Lake City Monday, 24th, Patriarch Jesse West, born England, March 30, 1827, came to Utah with ox team in 1850.—In Riverdale, Weber county, 31st, Edna Stimpson, born England March 24, 1829, joined the Church in 1844, and came to Utah in 1854.—In Ogden, 31st, Dudley W. Stone, counselor to the bishop of Mound Fort, from the result of injuries received December 24, by falling from the new Weber Stake Academy.

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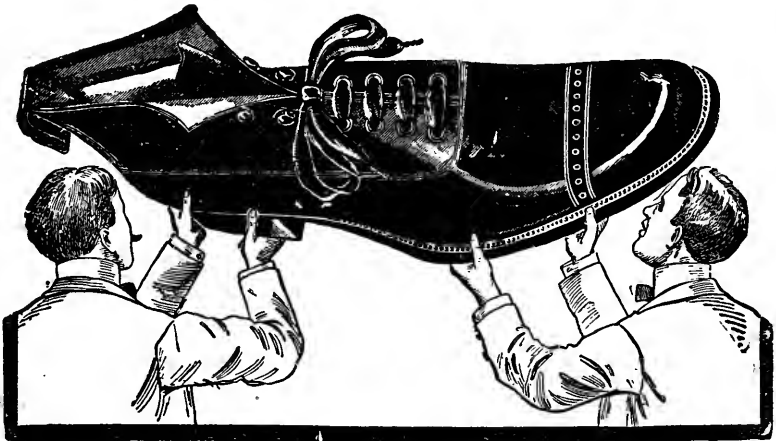
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